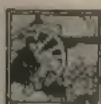




Canada's Second Winter of the War

By John Carmichael



AT the close of 1915 Canada's army in training and in the field approximated 200,000 men. This constitutes an aggregation of fighters which in intelligence and physique and in all soldierly attributes is a match for the best material of the warring nations. A quarter of a million of the Dominion's finest sons will be available for the Motherland by next spring. Thus the forecast of our able and energetic Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, will be easily fulfilled.

The Government's call in November for another 100,000 men evoked ready response from coast to coast. Notwithstanding the terrific casualties of the year, bringing sorrow and broken hearts to many homes in the nine provinces; notwithstanding the return every week of mangled heroes from the trenches—living pictures of the fierceness of the struggle against Kaiserism; notwithstanding business depressed and immigration checked, Canada was never so determined to wage relentless war as she is to-day. The second winter of bloodshed finds her more resolute than ever before.

If our losses have been many, our achievements have been substantial, and the heroism of our recruits has thrilled the world. Our decision to back the Old Land has been made adamant by the terrors and triumphs of the past year. Canada is proud to have had a hand in the victories for the Allies that made immortal such names as Ypres, Festubert, St. Julien, and Langemarck. France and Belgium have been ringing with the praises of the stalwart boys from overseas. Germany too, has learned to respect the Canadian soldier. Letters found on wounded and captured Teutons have borne eloquent testimony to the fearlessness and efficiency of these eager warriors, who, a year or so ago, did not know how to carry a bayonet.

From Prince Edward Island to Prince Rupert the youth and manhood of Canada are still swarming to the enlistment centres. Villages and towns everywhere are busily adding their contributions to new battalions, and winter camps have been organized in the principal cities. Enthusiastically and confidently, Canadians, old and young, are participating in the movement of the hour, and it is one of Canada's glories that her soldiers are all volunteers.

THE soldier returned from being "gassed by the Huns," is the feature of the recruiting rallies. A little while ago he was one of the rank and file of clerks, mechanics, professional men and farmers. Since then he has faced the big guns and poison gases of the enemy. He has lived through the inferno of shot and shell, doing "his bit" in the colossal task of sweeping back the invading hordes who have Toronto, Montreal and Quebec and our other cities as well as Calais and London in view. As one of the champions of the Empire, he has left a leg or an arm in Flanders, or he has suffered injury to his spine or heart or lungs that will keep him crippled for life. His bald recital of what he endured at Ypres' "Hell's Half Acre," or some other point of the bloody firing line, has aroused first, sympathy and admiration; then unlimited resentment against the fiends whose demonic campaign has made such cruelty and savagery possible. The old valor and the old chivalry of Britannia are aroused by the wounded soldier's story. Each of these scarred troopers, coming back to his friends as a souvenir of "German efficiency," brings forth a dozen stern-lipped defenders of the flag to take his place.

A HITHERTO tranquil nation has become a hotbed of military ardor. A year and a half ago Canada was cutting one of her bountiful harvests, unconscious of the impending conflict in which her costliest treasures would be sacrificed to succor the Empire. Prosperity had dowered us with her best in bulging granaries, industrial beehives, crowded harbors and terminals.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye these millions of toilers and traders felt the blight of war. The richest per capita country in the world suddenly was called upon to cease its ways of industry and thrift, and to become a prodigal spender of wealth.

How magnanimously the Canadians have responded to duty is only partially realized by outsiders. The folks of the United Kingdom have been pleased and amazed at Canada's many evidences of loyalty and generosity. The Motherland probably never seriously doubted the Dominion's fealty. Still, the two are several thousand miles apart, and, in these progressive times, when independence

is in the air; and pan-Americanism is a popular propaganda on this side of the Atlantic, John Bull may have had misgivings as to the attitude of this distant part of the Empire when the big trouble came. Canada's quick outpouring of men and money has been a revelation to the world at large and clearly demonstrates

for democracy against despotism. When hostilities began there was a rush of impetuous Yankees over the boundary, and many succeeded in enlisting without going through the required formality of being naturalized. Since then scores of splendid, clean-cut young men including many physicians anxious to join the medical and

other authoritative spokesmen, on visits to this side, have not hesitated to denounce the ruthless warfare of Germany, and to assure us of the warm support of seven-eighths of their fellow citizens.

Men like Roosevelt, Watterson and Churchill were not afraid to declare boldly that Uncle Sam failed in his



the patriotic spirit of the Dominion.

The Canadian National Patriotic Fund of several millions was raised without undue pressure. Its estimated expenditure for 1916 will be \$7,500,000. A dollar from each man, woman and child, and this outlay will be met. Or, as Mr. Herbert Ames, M.P., honorary secretary of the Fund put it: "A Dollar a head of our population and a year to pay it in."

This is only a small item of Canada's enormous disbursements as a result of Kaiser Wilhelm's ambition to conquer Europe. At the end of the fiscal year, Canada has paid out \$200,000,000 and the coming year will cost us not less than \$250,000,000, or a total of \$450,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year 1916-17.

The Canadian, like the Briton, Frenchman, Italian and Russian, contemplates staggering monetary losses with comparative equanimity. In the scale against that brightest of jewels, Liberty, gold weighs but little. Canadians not only are submitting to war taxes without complaint; they are devising fresh ways of giving to the cause they deem worthy of any sacrifice. Everywhere benefits are in progress to raise contributions for the Red Cross, and never, even in our most prosperous times, did the dollar seem so quickly forthcoming and so abundant. Women and girls, social barriers obliterated, meet in numerous sewing circles to make bandages and comforts for Tommy Atkins. The farmers of the Prairie Provinces have donated hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour through their plan of devoting but one of their broad acres to the patriotic cause and millions of barrels of flour will be forthcoming if required.

When the factories in our midst, now making shells and motor-trucks and other equipment for the battle-front, are no more needed by the War Department, we shall resume our trade and manufacturing activities of 1913-'14 on a bigger scale than ever.

ambulance corps, have crossed from the States to enlist.

One of the recently organized battalions is composed altogether of American-Canadians. Col. Clark, who commands it, is a native New Yorker, and was formerly an officer in the New York National Guard.

Canada has welcomed the ready sympathy expressed by eminent Americans during the crisis when "neutrality" was enjoined by the White House. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, Col. Henry Watterson, Winston Churchill (the novelist), Joseph H. Choate, and

duty to humanity and future generations in not registering a vigorous protest against Belgium's invasion, the Zeppelin raids, and other atrocities of the Prussians. As the greatest of the world's republics, and as the pioneer of Liberty on this continent, these representative Americans believed the United States had missed a unique opportunity to reprove and condemn the most dangerous oppressor of the age.

Frequent messages of sympathy also have come from the Canadian Clubs scattered throughout the principal cities of the States. A representative of the New York club who paid a visit to the recruiting centers of Ontario, Quebec and the West, went back with a story of rampant Canadian patriotism that deeply stirred his fellow countrymen of Gotham. Telling of his impressions in the Dominion he said:



THOUSANDS of our American cousins have joined us in our struggle

Millions of barrels of flour will be forthcoming from the prairie provinces as they are called for



King George and Lord Kitchener have been loud in their praise of Our Boys

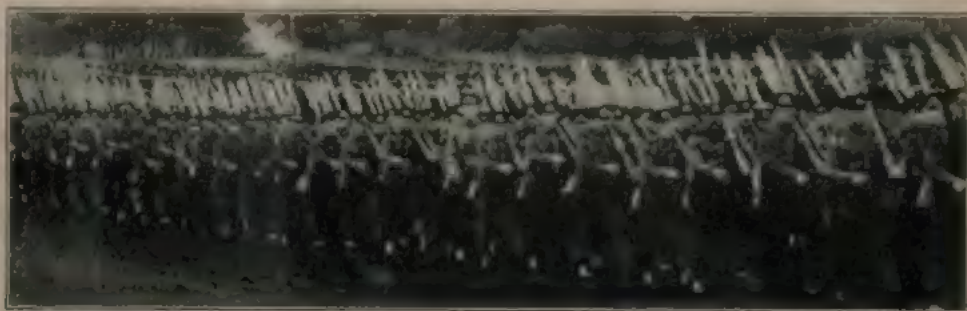
"I have been out of Canada over thirty years. I had never forgotten the land of my childhood and youth, but the sentiment of the soil was faint in my heart and in my mind. I did not know Canada. My trip from Quebec to Vancouver has been a revelation. I saw soldiers in uniform at every little station, and I talked with all kinds and conditions of recruits. About the war there is only one opinion. There must be no cessation of effort until the menace of a world dominating power has been destroyed. Men too old to fight, but with means, will give their wealth to that end. Women will work ceaselessly, and pray earnestly and suffer calmly the loss of their favorite sons, and the young men will go forward as fast as the call comes to them,—a million if that number is needed.

"There is no bitterness in Canada against the Germans. You hear no abuse of the enemy. The Canadians believe that the Teutons are obsessed with an insane ambition, and that they must be cured of their folly. They want no German land nor German wealth. They desire only to live peaceably, in comradeship with the Mother Country and the rest of the British Empire."

THIS is a good place to record appreciation of the loyalty of German-Canadians who have ardently

backed their new flag and their adopted country. German districts like Berlin and Waterloo have given more, proportionately, to the Patriotic Fund than some other purely British sections. German-born parents have sent their boys to the front to fight the militarism from which in former years they were glad to escape to a country where the

last man and the last dollar of Canada for the Allies." Like all other parts of the Empire, Canada has dropped her political and other disputes as too petty for consideration pending the outcome of the great contest. The German menace instead of a disintegrating has been a uniting and solidifying force from end to end of the nation. Em-



Canada's army in the field and in training approximates 200,000 men—a match for the best material of the warring nations

Mailed Fist is regarded as a relic of barbarism. Leaders of Teutonic Canada, like Prof. F. V. Riethdorf, of Woodstock College, speaking at recruiting meetings, have urged their young kinsmen to defend with their lives the emblem of civilization—the Union Jack—under which they had achieved happiness and progress.

We seem to have a breed of Germans in Canada totally different from the German whose pro-Kaiser and anti-American activity in the States we read about. Over there he is sometimes tempted to conspire against his own government in his efforts to aid the land of his forefathers. Our German's love for British rule has made him turn against the mighty Hohenzollerns. He donates liberally to the Patriotic Fund, and he urges his boy to shoulder a gun and go to war under the banner of King George.

What finer tribute to this nation can we ask than the spontaneous loyalty of the German descendants in Canada?

"HOW much should we do?" has never been the question with us at any time during this year and a half of unprecedented calamity and conflict. From the first trumpet call of duty, Canadians have never hesitated a moment. Hon. Newton W. Rowell, Liberal leader of Ontario, expressed the universal sentiment in these words:

"A man's duty in this war is dictated not by racial origin but by Canadian citizenship." And Sir Wilfred Laurier was equally representative of all classes when he said: "It is the duty of Canada to assist Britain to the utmost of her ability."

Sir Robert Borden, echoing the spirit of the whole people, has pledged "the

phasizing the fact that this is Canada's own war, and that but for Britain's fleet Canadians might now be the vassals of Germany, Mr. S. Bucharme, M.P.P., for North Essex said: "I belong to a race that is free because we live in the shadow of the British flag."

Canada is spilling her blood and treasure because Teutonic tyranny menaces the Dominion. The liberty that British democracy insures is worth fighting and dying for, and this conviction spurs us to boundless sacrifice. At the beginning of another year, the end of the war seems to some as far off as ever, but its prolongation does not affect our resolution to fight it out.

"No surrender," is the battle-cry that grows in volume and intensity every hour of every day from Halifax to Vancouver.

WHILE Canada's troops were performing feats of valor in Flanders in the past year, herculean efforts at home resulted in the harvesting of the greatest crop in our history. The wheat yield alone reached 836,258,000 bushels,—more than double last year's record. It was 45 per cent. greater than any previous crop; the quality also was of excellent grade.

This monster war crop will stand merely as a marker in the years to come, when, with the sheathing of the sword, the ploughshare will be given a fresh chance in the vast western country that is destined to lead the world in cereal production. Competent judges of the economic outlook agree that peace will usher in for Canada the greatest industrial and agricultural revival she has ever known.

When the war came to turn us from constructive to destructive tasks, we

Continued on page 189.

Alienating Mr. Armstrong

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated by
Harry Linnell

CAROLINE stopped abruptly at the edge of the little pine-encircled glade that edged the pond-lily pond and waved her hand in warning.

"Hist! There are human creatures there!" she whispered loudly.

It would be evident to anyone not absolutely stone blind that she was a fairy. A lace-edged, snowy night gown was caught up by a sky blue ribbon about her hips, trailing gloriously behind her over the grass; two large wings artfully constructed of wrapping-paper flopped behind her surprisingly bare shoulders—the nightgown was decidedly *decollete*, and had been made for a person several sizes larger than Caroline.

"Hooma keecha da!" crooned the General. His conversation was evidently based on the theory that the English language is a dark mystery, insoluble by system, but likely to be blundered into fortuitously, at any moment, if the searcher gabble with sufficient steadiness and persistence. His costume, consisting merely of the ordinary blue denim overalls of commerce, would have been positively commonplace were it not for the wings of bright pink tissue paper, which he wore with a somewhat confusing obstinacy, pinned firmly to his chest. Miss Honey assisted his wavering footsteps rather sulkily; she longed for the white and lacy draperies in front of her, and regarded her ballet skirts of stitched newspaper with bare tolerance. It is true she wore a crown of tinfoil and carried a wand made of half a brass curtain rod; but her laced tan boots, stubbed and stained, showed with disgusting plainness, and nobody would take the trouble to make her a newspaper bodice.

"If you don't stop tickling me, with that arrow, Brother Washburn, I'll go back!" she declared snappishly.

The fourth member of the crew, whose bathing trunks and jersey, fitted with surprisingly lifelike muslin wings, pointed to Puck, though the quiver slung across his shoulder woke conflicting memories of Diana, chuckled guiltily and took a flying leap from the big boulder into the center of the glade. His wings stiffened realistically, and as he landed, poised on one classically



"Hist! There are human creatures there!"

sandaled foot with arms outspread, the picnic party before him started violently, and one of them clutched the other's sleeve with a little cry.

"What the—oh, it's all right!—He's the real thing, isn't he, now?"

The young man patted the girl's shoulder reassuringly and chuckled as the rest of the crew emerged from the pines and peered over the boulder.

"They're only children," he said.

She dropped her eyes and tightened her fingers around the shining drinking cup.

"Why, yes, they're only children," she repeated carelessly.



Miss Honey fled after the General

NOW, each of these picnic people had said the same words, but it was entirely obvious to their fascinated audience that the words meant very different things. For this reason they sidled around the young lady impersonally, avoiding with care the edges of her pale-tinted billowy skirts, and lined up confidently beside the young gentleman.

Not that he controlled the picnic. It was spread out in front of her, bewitching, intimate, in its suggestion of you—and-I; two shiny plates, two knives, two forks, two fringed and glossy napkins. A dark red bottle was propped upright between two stones, a pile of thin, triangular sandwiches balanced daintily on some cool lettuce leaves, and a fascinating object that glistened mysteriously in the sun held the platter of honor in the middle.

"The Honorable Mr. Puck," suggested the young man, in the tone of one continuing an interrupted conversation, "is figuring out how the chicken got into the jelly without busting it—am I not right?"

Brother grinned, and Caroline moved a little nearer. Miss Honey stared at the young lady's fluted skirts and glistening yellow waves of hair, at the fascinating turn of her hat, and her tiny high-heeled buckled slippers.

"I am obliged to admit," the young man went on, slicing into the quivering aspic, "that I don't know myself. I never could find out. Perhaps the young person in the—the not-too-long skirts waved her wand over the bird and he jumped in and the hole closed up?" He slipped a section of the bird in question upon the lady's plate and held the red bottle over her cup.

"There was hard-boiled eggs stuck on those jelly things at our wedding," Brother remarked, "on the outside, all around. But they were bigger than yours."

"I don't doubt it for a moment," the young man assured him politely. "Have you been married long, may I ask? And which of these ladies—?"

"Brother doesn't mean that he was married," Miss Honey explained, "it was his oldest sister. She married a lawyer. I was flower girl."

"Ima fow guh," murmured the General, thrusting out a fat and unex-

pected hand and snatching from a hitherto unperceived box a tiny cake encased in green frosting.

"Oh, dear, it's got the pistache!" said the yellow-haired lady disgustedly.

MISS HONEY fled after the General, who, though he was obliged to wear whalebone braces in his shoes on account of youth and a waddling and undeveloped gait, scattered over the ground with the elusive clumsiness of a young duckling. Brother blushed, but scorned to desert his troop.

"He's awfully little, you know—he doesn't mean to steal," he explained.

"Twenty-two months," Caroline added, "and he does go so fast." She smiled doubtfully at the lady, who selected a cake covered with chocolate and looked at the young man.

"Don't forget that Mr. Walbridge wants to use the car at six," she said, "and you have to allow for that bad hill."

He looked a little uncomfortable. "Don't you want to speak to the children, Tina, dear?" he asked, dropping his voice; he sat very close to her.

"They have both spoken directly to you, you see, and children feel that so—not being noticed. They're trying to apologize to you for the cake."

She bit her lip and turned to Miss Honey, who arrived panting, with the General firmly secured by the band of his overalls. An oozy green paste dripped from his hand; one of the pink wings intermittently concealed his injured expression.

"That's all right," she said, "don't bother about the cake, little girl, the baby can have it."

Miss Honey sniffed.

"I guess you don't know much about babies if you think they can eat cake like that," she answered informingly.

"Hush, now, General, don't begin to hold your breath! Do you want a nice graham cracker? It's so nice!"

"So nice!" Caroline repeated mechanically, with a business like smile at the General, helpfully champing her teeth.

The General wavered. He allowed one sticky paw to be cleaned with a handful of grass, but his expression was most undecided, and he was evidently in a position to hold his breath immediately if necessary.

Miss Honey nodded to Caroline.

"You've got 'em, haven't you?" she asked.

Caroline fumbled at the interior of the night-gown and produced a somewhat defaced brown wafer.

"General want it?" she said invitingly. There was another moment of disheartening suspense. Brother assisted gallantly.

"They're fine, General!" he urged, "try one!" And he, too, nodded and chewed the empty air. Instinctively the strange young gentleman did the same.

The general looked around at them cautiously, noted the strained interest of the circle, smiled forgivingly, and reached out for the brown wafer. Peace was assured.

"If you could only see how ridiculous you looked," the young lady remarked, wiping her shining pink finger

The cakes vanished unostentatiously and the young gentleman filled his cup and disposed of it before anyone spoke.

"WE were such a big family, you see," he explained to the pursed red mouth beside him, "and I know just how it is. You never get enough cake, and never that dressy kind. It's molasses cake and cookies, mostly."

Brother moved nearer and nodded.

"Well, but you can have all the cake you want, now, thank goodness," said the lady, glancing contentedly at the tea basket, complete with its polished fittings, at the big box of bonbons beside her, and the handsome silk motor coat that was spread as a carpet under her light dress.

"Oh, yes, but now I don't want it," he assured her, "I want—other things." He flashed

a daring glance from two masterful brown eyes, and she smiled indulgently at him for a handsome, spoiled boy.

"Am I going to get them?" he persisted.

She laughed the light little laugh of the triumphant woman.

"My dear Bob," she said, "anybody who can buy all the cake he wants can usually get the—other things!"

His face clouded slightly.

"I hate to hear you talk like that, Christine," he began, "it's not fair to yourself—"

"How'd you know I was Puck?" Brother inquired genially. He made no pretense of including the lady in the conversation; for him she was simply not there.

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant as I look," the young man replied. "I don't believe you could stump me on anything you'd be likely to be—I've probably been 'em all myself. We were always rigging up at home. Didn't you use to do that, Tina?"

The lady shook her head decidedly. "If I'd ever got hold of a—well, if I'd had a chance at things, as nice as that biggest one's dragging through the dirt there, I'd have been doing something very different with it, I can assure you, Mr. Armstrong! I'd have been saving it."

"But at that age—" he protested.

"Oh, I knew real lace from imitation at that age, all right," she insisted.

"But you don't think of those things—you go in for the fun," he urged.

"It wasn't exactly my idea of fun."

"No?" he queried, "why, I thought

Miss Honey, Brother,
Caroline, and
The General



nails carefully, "you'd never do that again, Rob. Have a cake?"

He laughed, but blushed a little at her tone.

"I suppose so," he admitted. "No, thanks, I'll pass up the cake. Isn't there enough to go 'round, perhaps?"

He examined the box.

"By George, there are exactly three left!" he said delightedly. "Will the fairy queen hand one to her brother—the big brother—and one to—to the angel?"

Caroline moved firmly to the front. "I am the Queen," she explained, "but I let Miss Honey take the crown and the wand, or she wouldn't be anything. Brother isn't her brother—that's just his name—Brother Washburn. The General's her brother. I'll take that strawberry one. We're much obliged, thank you."

all children did this sort of thing. We had a regular property room in the attic. We used to be rigged out as something-or-other all day Saturday, usually."

"WHAT were you?" Brother demanded eagerly. Unconsciously he dropped, hugging his knees, by the side of the young man, and Caroline, observing the motion, came over a little shyly and stood behind them. The young lady raised her eyebrows and shot a side glance at her host, but he smiled back at her brightly.

"Well, we did quite a little in the pirate line," he replied. "I had an old Mexican sword and Ridgeway—that was my cousin—owned a pair of handcuffs."

"Handcuffs!" Brother's jaw dropped.

"Yes, sir; handcuffs. It was rather unusual, of course, and he was awfully proud of them. An uncle of his was a sheriff out in Pennsylvania somewhere, and when he died he left 'em to Ridge in his will. That was pretty grand, too, having it left in a will."

Caroline nodded and sat down on an old log behind the young man. A long smear of brown, wet bark appeared on the nightgown, and one end of the blue ribbon dribbled into a tiny pool of last night's shower, caught in a hollow stone.

"It was a toss-up who'd be pirate King," the young man went on, smiling over his shoulder at Caroline, "because I was older than he was, handcuffs or not, and after all, a sword is something. This one was hacked on

Queen," too, I remember. But Thea sewed the clothes and begged the things we needed and looked after the Babe."

"And what did Ethel do?"

"Why, now you speak of it, I don't remember that Ethel did much of anything but look pretty and eat most of the luncheon," he said. "She used to be Pocahontas a good deal—she's very dark—and I usually was Captain John Smith. Ridge was Powhatan. And Ethel's married now. Good Lord! She has twins—of all things!—and they're named for Ridge and me."

"I'm glad General isn't twins," said Miss Honey thoughtfully, pulling her brother back from the fascinations of the tea basket and comforting him with the curtain-rod wand.

"Still, we could do the Princes in the Tower with him—them, I mean," Caroline reminded her, "and then, when they got bigger, the Corsican Brothers—don't you remember that play Uncle Joe told about?"

The young man laughed softly.

"If that's not Win all over!" he exclaimed. "She always planned for Ridge to be Mazeppa on one of the carriage horses, when he got the right size, but somehow, when you *do* get that size, you don't pull it off."

"I did Mazeppa," said Brother modestly, "but of course it was only a donkey. It wasn't much."

"We never had one," the young man explained. "Nothing but Ridge's goat, and she was pretty old. But she could carry a lot of lunch."

He turned suddenly on his elbow and smiled whimsically at the lady.

"I hope not, in a four-room flat," the lady returned with feeling. "One family kept one, though, and the nasty little thing jumped up on a lovely checked silk aunty had just given me and ruined it. I tried to take it out with gasoline, but it made a dreadful spot, and I cried myself sick. Of course I didn't understand about rubbing the gasoline dry then; I was only eleven."

THE children looked uncomfortably at the ground, conscious of a distinct lack of sympathy for the tragedy that even at this distance deepened the lovely rose of the lady's cheek and softened her dark blue eyes.

"But in the summer," the young man said, "surely it was different then! In the country—"

"Oh, mercy, we didn't get to the country very much," she interrupted. "You know July and August are bargain times in the stores and a dress-maker can't afford to leave. Aunty did all her buying then and I went with her. Dear me," as something in his face struck her, "you needn't look so horrified! It's not bad in New York a bit—there's something going on all the while; and then we went to Rock-away and Coney Island evenings, and had grand times. To tell you the truth, I never cared for the country—I don't sleep a bit well there. Of course, to come out this way, with everything nice, it's all very fine, but to stay in—no, thanks."

"I know what you mean, of course," he said, "but the city's no place for children. I'm mighty glad I didn't grow up there. And I've always had the idea the country would be the best place to settle down in, finally. You can potter around better there when you're old, don't you think so? I remember old Uncle Robert and his chrysanthemums—"

"Dear me, we all seem to be remembering a good deal this afternoon!" she broke in. "Since we're neither of us children and neither of us ready to settle down on account of old age, suppose we stick to town, Bob?"

There was a practical brightness in her voice, and her even white teeth, as she smiled persuasively at him, were very pretty. He smiled back at her.

"That seems a fair proposition," he agreed.

HE reached for her hand and for a moment her soft, bright coloring, her dainty completeness, framed in the green of the little glade, were all he saw. Then as his eyes lingered on the cool little pond and the waving pine boughs dark against the blue sky, he sighed.

"But I'm sorry you don't like the

Continued on page 169.

We had an enormous cellar, all full of pillars to hold it up, and queer little rooms and compartments—You could ride on a wheel all around dodging the pillars—Cracky! but it was a corking place for a rainy Saturday

the edge and every hack may have meant—probably did—a life."

He paused dramatically.

"I bet you they did!" Brother declared, clapping his hands on his knees.

"Weren't there any girls?"

Caroline slipped from the log and sprawled on the pine needles.

"Dear me, yes," said the young man, "I should say so. Four of them. Winifred and Ethel and Dorothea and the Babe—about as big as your General there, and dreadfully greedy, the Babe was. Winifred had the brains and she made up most of the games: I tell you, that girl had a head!"

"Just like Caroline," Brother insisted eagerly.

"Probably," the young man agreed. "She was pretty certain to be Fairy

"Come on, Tina, what did you play?" he asked.

"Is it possible you have remembered that I still exist?" she answered, half mockingly, half seriously vexed. "I'm afraid I'm out of this, really. I never pretended to be anything, that I remember."

"But what did you do when you were a youngster?" he persisted, "you must have played something!"

She shook her head.

"We played jackstones," she said, indulgently, after a moment of thought, "and then I went to school, of course, and—oh, I guess we cut out paper dolls."

Caroline looked aghast.

"Didn't you have any dog?" she demanded.

The COWARD

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

THE General called a halt at the summit of a long rise. The officers bunched themselves swiftly around him. A bedraggled group they were. The soft drizzle of the morning had turned to a torrential rain by the middle of the afternoon. The rain fell sullenly. The sound of it filled the world. The officers huddled their cloaks around them for protection against the biting chill; but the soldiers, some two thousand of them, merely leaned against their guns, too wearied to attempt sheltering themselves from the storm. They panted like fagged dogs, the indrawing of their breath making itself heard like a solemn undertone beneath the splosh-splosh-splosh of the downpour. The most swaggering lieutenant in the little company around the famous general had forgotten every pretension at coxcombery; it had been soaked out of him. Not an officer recalled the necessity of bringing that commander to the German trenches around Rheims and bringing him there on time; they could realize nothing but the chill and the drench and the dimness.

"We are lost," proclaimed the General, and swore a volley of guttural oaths which spit wrathfully out. He was a little man, short and fat. The water dripped off from his moustache, which no longer bristled up in horned tips, like the Emperor's, but drooped woefully; so that the soggianness of it, added to his hooked nose and spectacled eyes, gave him a comic likeness to a parrot about to squawk.

"But the maps," suggested the Captain.

"The maps! What's the use of gabbling about maps? We've wallowed round in melting snow for hours—there aren't any roads—there aren't any houses—there aren't any peasants to catch—we can't see thirty feet in this tempest!—maps! Talk sense, or keep still!"

"We might send one of the —" began the Captain.

"Hush!" commanded the General.

In the distance something creaked and creaked. The whine of it drew nearer—nearer—rose more and more shrill and persistent above the scream of the storm. The Captain, at a sign from his chief, detailed a dozen soldiers to investigate. After ten minutes they returned dragging a low-hung ox-cart, drawn by two immense white beasts, into the dripping circle of the officers; within, a peasant woman, screaming and scolding, struggled against the hands of the soldiers. Again and again she managed to sling her great feet in their wooden sabots over the side of the wagon. Brought into the ring around the General she glowed with dull resentment, refusing to make any salutation until a soldier grabbing at her thick coarse hair ducked her head. She was about fifty, a lunk-headed farm-laborer, thinly dressed against the storm; her features were burned to the shade of brick-dust; her unmitten hands bled rawly at the knuckles; the little black eyes spit fire. The officers



"Kill! And be damned far ever!"

yanked the collars of their great-coats higher at the sight of her. Seeing this she grinned sarcastically.

"YOU are French?" the General spoke in her language for he needed her sorely enough.

The woman blinked up into his eyes a moment, comprehended that he had addressed her and shook her head vigorously. The General spoke again, this time in German. He leaned his pudgy body down from the saddle and dropped his words carefully, one by one, hoping for comprehension. But the dark eyes dulled and gave him back nothing but stupid rancor.

"Well?" queried the Captain.

The General was a polyglot and looked it. He was shaped like an unabridged dictionary. He threw Italian at her—why Italian between Rheims and Chalons-sur-Marne he could not have explained; he tried Hollandaise, Ladinish, Romanish, the queer dialect men speak in the coal mines along the border of Belgium; but she merely shook her head. When he tried her in Spanish she fairly grinned. This time she muttered to herself.

"Well?" asked the Captain again.

"I know a number more," admitted his superior, "but they're no good here, I learned 'em out in Africa. What's to be done?"

The woman herself solved the question, for she suddenly began to talk, fairly to babble, pointing to the cart, the oxen, then back along the way she had come. She followed with torrents of strange sounds. From the farther edge of the ring of officers a sub-lieutenant saluted and asked permission to speak.

"She's talking the dialect of the Morvan, Sir. We are just on the edge of it—it's really a Magyar language. May I have a try at her?" Leaping from his horse he came brightly forward; the woman spoke and he blushed red.

"What did she say?" roared the General, impatiently.

"Please, Sir—I'd rather not——"

"What did she say?" the General snapped.

"She—she—she just happened to remark, Sir—that I—that I'm rather good-looking, Sir. She said 'pretty—pretty like a girl,' Sir."

A shout of glee sniggered around the semi-circle. The woman peeped from one to another of the laughing faces, then she chuckled timorously to herself.

"Does she know the roads?" the General waved his arm about to drive his point in.

She did not refuse to answer; indeed she prattled volubly at first, shrugging emphatic shoulders; but finally dropped back into silence. It was a silence that howled.

"She doesn't deny a knowledge of the roads, Sir; but she swears she won't guide the enemies of her country across them. She'll die first."

"My God, she shall."

THE young sub-lieutenant shivered as though a sudden draught had struck his slopping clothes. Even the General recoiled from his own words. It is one thing to mow down men in a hot bayonet charge, another to stand a woman up against a tree and bore her with a bullet.

"These canaille don't feel it," he muttered.

The ring of officers imperceptibly loosened itself from around him. Even those farthest away drew back. The Dresden-shepherdess beauty of the sub-lieutenant stiffened and he gazed at his chief with belligerent eyes.

"Tell her that!" The General drew his sword half-way out of the scabbard as if to emphasize his command.

"I can't," quoth the boy and slung his head up. "I—"

"Tell her that!" the General spurred his horse impulsively forward, his voice rumbled with strange threats.

The sub-lieutenant told her. She blanched, quavered with a swift wild shake; then she spoke.

"She says kill her and be damned forever."

This time she made no resistance as the soldiers led her to the foot of a great chestnut which towered, slimboled and aristocratic, among the rough-barked pines. The chestnut lifted its branches far into the scud until their summit was lost in the blankness of the rain. The rain slobbered down pitilessly, incessantly, squawling like a spanked child. The woman protested against having her hands bound but at last submitted even to that. Stood up against the trunk, she gained a certain awesome dignity. She looked death in the eyes and did not blink.

"She can't keep that up long," blustered the General. "Women are cowards, all. Inside she's raddled."

The firing squad grouped themselves in front. The Captain slid reluctantly from his horse. He was a tall, gaunt man, black-browed and taciturn. Somehow even the long drizzle of the day hadn't been able to utterly unstarch either his bearing or his moustaches—both still bristled.

"Captain, do your duty."

"It's a woman, sir, a woman with bounce and braggadocio; surely you don't intend to—"

"Captain, do your duty."

The men in the firing line wiggled and glanced at each other uneasily.

"I've a mother at home just the age," whispered one, "and this woman has the look of one ready to dive into the

fire for her kids." The rest nodded. They were young themselves and peasants.

"One," counted the Captain.

She stood with a certain bovine resignation—it wasn't human. Her eyes gazing straight at the Captain, opened with a blind questioning. But she didn't budge. She didn't even shiver.

"Two," counted the Captain, and the woman struggled against her bonds, speaking rapidly, at the young sub-lieutenant.

"She wishes to pray," translated the boy.

"Give her five minutes and untie her hands."

THE woman fumbled in her bosom, drew out a shabby volume bound in black leather, then dumped down on her knees in the slush to recite the prayers for the dying. She recited in a sing-song chant but with vibrant intensity. Her voice wailed like wind-whipped wires. It shivered through the ranks until the gray-blanketed bodies of the soldiers quivered with response. The Protestant Germans watched the French Catholic in a maze. Seen through the slather of the fog, her face took on mystery—her eyes lifted towards the hidden skies—her lips moved. The minutes flew. Even for the General they seemed to scamper. One—two—three—the sopping soldiers shook with a new chill in the presence of death. They growled low to one another, rebelliously, angrily.

"Four minutes," muttered the General and frowned down the incipient mutiny.

Out of the smother a donkey brayed, a hideous note—comedy jangling into the midst of tragedy. The woman read along a moment more, then a soldier over-wrought by the tension, giggled girlishly. At that she began to sob, a sob like a wracking cough. She tossed her body to and fro.

"Here, chortled the General, "what are you saying to that creature?"

"I merely translated the things you've just said," the sub-lieutenant saluted and stood humbly before his chief. But the woman awoke to passionate life, apparently comprehending the folly of further resistance; for she crawled through the sloppy snow, grabbed the boy around the knees with vehement strength, gazing up into his face with eyes that dribbled tears, gabbling her uncouth dialect in a broken torrent. She petted the youngster with rapid strokes as she jabbered.

"She'll guide us," clamored the Captain and stooped to unloose the peasant's feet himself. She looked down at the rough soldier-face and for the first time her own softened, she touched the unshaved cheek with a lingering

caress. The man looked up swiftly and she smiled down at him.

THE little company set out at a sturdy walk. The woman strode ahead, a wide-swung gait, the sub-lieutenant stumbled beside her. The way descended slowly through a loose growth of bushes; then dawdled across vineyard after vineyard with here and there a brown farmhouse lifting out from the murk, its outbuildings open, its doors a-swing, its very mows carted away. The soldiers followed after the officers, ducking their heads to the pelt of the rain, their feet swashing through the sodden snow. Ever and again they lifted raw hands to squeeze the water out from the necks of their sweaters. Their pots and pans clanked dismally from their backs. Their gray overcoats swaddled them out of all human shapeliness. They stalked like phantoms through a fog. Seen through the curtain of the downpour they were uncanny. The woman spoke to the sub-lieutenant and laughed frozenly.

"What did she say?" demanded the General.

"She thinks they look like dead men walking."

"They may be soon—dead men. It's war." He lapsed back to his place. "Queer imaginations they have—these peasants, gruesome, ghoulis, always," he murmured in the Captain's ear. "Dead men—I don't like the idea."

The Captain pursed his gruff lips. "Hum-m-m, we might all be just that by this time if we hadn't met that woman. Lucky she's a woman; they scare easier—men die."

"Yes, she's a coward at the bottom. Female patriotism stops short at death; I've noticed it a score of times. She—eh? What's she spouting now out of that imagination of hers. Fecund, I call it—her imagination."

The sub-lieutenant twisted back with a laugh. "She says you look like a stone wall," he translated.

"Tell her she gabbles too much," but his fat face wrinkled in deep satisfaction. "We all like to be told we look like the thing we admire most and least resemble. Stone-walls aren't pudgy though the General had a good streak of obstinacy all his own."

FOR two hours the ghostly band floundered on through the swirl of the lashing rain. Fatigue began to assert itself; the soaked shoes spurted at every stride; the ridiculous goosestep became a wobbly swagger and legs could barely keep in line. Some of the men marched with half-shut eyes as though trudging in their sleep. The woman in front trod unfaltering on, never hesitating, never groping for the way. Again and again the absurd donkey lifted up its voice

and brayed from the mist-filled distance.

"That peasant must be following us," suggested the Captain.

"Husband of this clod," snorted the General.

"Cowards both. Ah, if we'd had a woman of education and position to deal with that would have been another story. Why, I remember in the campaign in Africa—what's that?"

A long roar blurted out of the silence. The General called his men to a halt and listened; the roar was followed by another—another—another, the earth cracked with tumult. Then the General rose in his saddle and cursed himself bitterly, cursed the slow decision of the peasant woman, the losing of the way, the sodden marching; for the assault on Rheims had begun and he, the greatest artillery expert Germany possessed, was not there.

"Forward," he howled, "and poke the brute down there to a gallop!"

The donkey brayed again—once—twice—thrice.

"By Bacchus," fretted the Captain, "that squeal gets on my nerves."

"Sissy," sneered the General, "you've the hysterics."

The woman turned around to slice them with her sharp beady eyes. Her look was as unexpected as a mauser; it dug right in, adding an odd defiance to her aspect. The sub-lieutenant patted her softly on the shoulder and she turned to him with a gentle smile and gentler word.

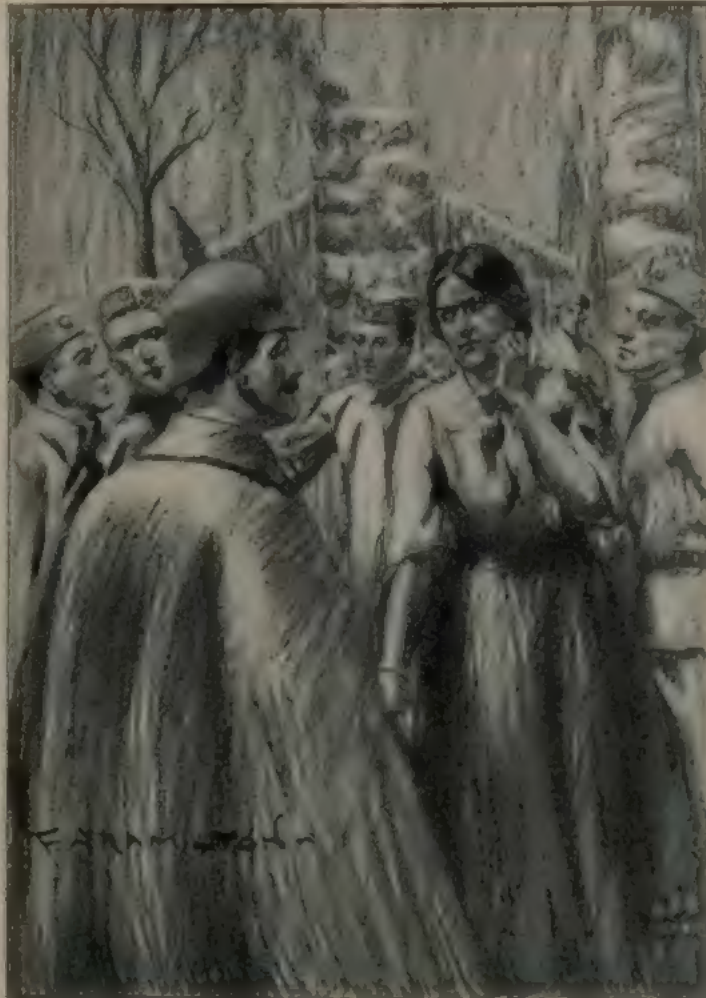
"Did you notice that," asked the General. "she doesn't look half the coward or the fool I thought her when she bores into you that way. There's something in that smudge she calls a face—something I'd dread on a—ah, 'tis well the brutes are afraid to die; we can whip 'em into things. Other nations coddle the proletariat, we spank 'em into line. They can be handled on that line every trip." He dropped his head, smirking acridly.

OUT of the dusk a gentle glow began to bloom straight ahead of them, amber-colored, smudged up against what ought to have been the horizon line. There was no horizon. The woman lifted a hand and pointed, speaking so plainly that the very sub-alterns understood.

"Rheims."

The boy beside her touched his visor and asked permission to speak. "I don't like it—quite," he faltered. "The firing has grown dimmer this last fifteen minutes; so we are travelling in the opposite direction, perhaps, and—yes, I'm sure we're drifting away from the guns." He glowered at the woman with a growing doubt on the brain.

"Nonsense," roared the Captain,



"It was better a woman be lost than a man—France has too few men. You will shoot me now? Well, shoot!"

"she knows treachery means death and she's scared stiff."

"She knows it," assented the General and sniffed.

The road, which wasn't a road at all, began to descend sharply. Presently it emerged upon a beaten track over which an innumerable cavalcade of horses had recently passed. The cannon bawled incessantly. It seemed nearer—it was nearer—no, it was farther away. The General ceased to ponder his problem for the relief of road and tracks was too great. He could have hugged the stolid lump in front, he was almost sorry he had called her a coward. She seemed fagged, plodded dully forward. When the sub-lieutenant

spoke she answered only in monosyllables and when she turned her eyes were those of a dead fish. Presently the road debouched into another, and almost at the same moment, this second highroad flashed forth with a stretch of twin electric lamps. It was deserted but had been recently traversed by infantry as well as cavalry. The mud was thick with marks of heavy shoes all pointing towards the dull glow of the city. The troopers set their feet into the mire with a grunt. It was worse than the slushy snow of the hillside. Each foot came out with a long sucking sound from the slough and their shoes grew weighty.

"Close ranks!" The order ran down the files. The officers dropping back into their stations, led the march more carefully, more slowly, silently. For half hour longer they tramped, then something loomed grayly out of the mist. In ten minutes the van saw it clearly—a bridge—an old bridge—an old Roman bridge. The arches humped themselves sturdily across and each arch was decorated with carvings long since mangled past recognition. At each end was an ornament, broken, unrecognizable. The glow had deepened on the horizon to a sulphurous orange. The city was very near.

"Halt," the word rumbled down the ranks.

The woman began to speak again, rapidly, eagerly. Far down the stream the donkey brayed three times.

"I can't help it," reiterated the Captain, "that noise rasps me right across the nerves; it portends disaster. That's superstitious—I just feel so."

"Silly," blurted the General, "ask the lad what she's saying."

"She's wondering why you stop, Sir," answered the youngster, "she says the bridge is old and strong. It looks so."

"Um—um—it isn't the bridge I'm doubting. I must see my maps. Um—um—um—near Rheims—a Roman bridge—in good repair—can be depended on. But why in front of us? I don't understand. We must have taken the devil of a circuit. I can't quite—Forward!"

Over the bridge they stepped, four abreast, their feet sousing out a

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Unknown Treasure

The Story of a Stratford Booklover and His Books

By Edward J. Moore



A LITTLE, old-fashioned, yellow, frame house on an unassuming street in a somewhat out-of-the-way section of the busy little city of Stratford, Ontario, shelters not only a notable but also a treasure, both of which, were they known, would be nationally famed.

The notable, whose notability has up to this time at least, largely escaped the notice of the general public, is J. Davis Barnett, booklover, collector, literary authority, student and artist. The treasure is his library of 35,000 volumes, possibly not the most extensive, but without question the most remarkable private collection in Canada.

One afternoon a few weeks ago the writer was browsing in the stackroom of Stratford's excellent public library on the bare chance of running across some data covering an elusive point in early Canadian history when the kindly-helpful librarian suggested: "Perhaps Mr. Barnett could give you something. He has an abundance of material on early Canada that none of the public libraries have." The suggestion led to inquiry, reply to impulse and a day or so later what was intended to be an hour but was unwarily lengthened to half a day was delightfully spent in seeing and learning at least a little of the remarkable library and making the acquaintance of its interesting "builder" and owner.

ONE approaches the house with something of mistrust, even when warned of its unsophisticated appearance. From the exterior, beyond an ordinary-looking pile of books in one of the windows, it gives no hint of the valuable "leads" within. The moment of entrance removes, however, any suspicion as to whether one is in the right place. Books are at once evident—in every room, up-stairs, down, in the halls, on the floor, in corners, everywhere—not that the home-like nature of the place has been destroyed. An atmosphere of old-fashioned comfort pervades. But books are the main feature.

Mr. Barnett, a middle-aged man of

medium height and figure, receives his visitor with a small degree of unvoiced inquiry. A moment of even half-intelligent explanation, if one's sincerity is apparent, produces, however, a warm welcome.

As can be readily conceived, the task of providing shelf-room for the myriad volumes in the collection has been a tremendously difficult one. "I should very much like to have my books adequately housed," Mr. Barnett says, "but my surplus has gone into volumes rather than to fittings." And just here one sees the passion of the booklover making itself evident. It is almost impossible to place even a rough monetary estimate on Mr. Barnett's library but beyond question its cash equivalent would purchase at least half a dozen of Stratford's finest residences.

The arrangement of the library under the difficulties mentioned is decidedly interesting. The "look around" taken by the writer started in the living room. Here, one side is shelved from floor to ceiling and the opposite wall is more than half covered with cases. These shelves contain among others a host of Bible commentaries and rare, early editions of various well-known works.

The drawing room in front contains undoubtedly the finest feature of the collection, the Shakesperiana, but more of this later.

Across the hall at the front of the house are two rooms entirely given up to the library. One of these, shelved on four sides and with stacks occupying the remaining floor space, Mr. Barnett calls the work room. Here the work of cataloguing and clipping is done. The books in the room come under the head of occult works and astrology, a fair collection on philosophy, North American history in a general sense, pictures and fine arts and a splendid collection of Old English, French and Greek plays.

Two other rooms to the rear again, give some really adequate idea of the extensiveness of the collection. These are not only shelved from floor to ceiling on all four walls but are also "stacked" so closely that the writer, who has a tendency to fullness of figure, had some little difficulty in getting round.

FIRST to be noticed in the larger room is the collection of Canadiana. Mr. Barnett has gotten together a host of invaluable material on early Canadian life and history, a good deal of which is not even indexed in the large city libraries. Among many prized volumes is one in French, the life of Marguerite Bourgeron, who was the founder of the congregation of Notre Dame. An original copy of a document most of us have vivid recollections of from our public school days, the much-discussed Lord Durham's Report, catches the eye, as also do six or seven first edition Parkmans.

BESIDE the Canadiana is lodged an extensive collection of English history and beyond this, peculiarly enough, is a host of books which strike one rather curiously. "It may seem rather strange," Mr. Barnett says, with a characteristic smile, "that while I have never seen a baseball match and am naturally not actively interested in any form of athletics I have perhaps the

largest collection of books on games and sports in any private library in America.

A section of one of the stacks houses a collection of English dialect, and another, of ballads. More books about the Bible occupy another stack and, lodging into an obscure corner Mr. Barnett pulls out and lovingly rubs the dust off a copy of the "Breeches Bible."

Passing on, attention is directed to the classical section, containing among others, rare editions of Homer and Milton. A tour of the rooms ends with an examination of volumes on church history and religion, among which are included a set of the famous Swingle tracts and an original "Life of Ignatius Loyola."

THE most pleasant feature of the visit came when, after sitting down at a large table, Mr. Barnett consented to show some of his really rare books, wonderful things which he has gathered from various sources and which he presents after making trips into some secret holy of holies.

The most ancient of these, without doubt, is a remarkably-preserved synagogue roll, containing part of the Book of Esther written in classical Hebrew, of course on parchment.

ANOTHER historical volume which brings out some interesting comment from the owner is an Ethiopian-Abysinnian volume of parchment pages bound in wood covers. The covers reveal something of the story of the book's age, since they were very evidently smoothed by axe or adze before the days of chisel or plane. It is worth noting, perhaps, that the method of sewing used in this old volume was about the same as that used today in the standard volume turned out by the mullion by machinery. A leather case with buckle and strap accompanying this volume provoked an inquiry. Mr. Barnett

explained that it is supposed that this was for protection from white ants which are very destructive in the country of its origin. The valuable volume was evidently placed in the case and hung from a hook in the ceiling so as to be inaccessible to the busy insects.

Illustrating the early writing of music Mr. Barnett has a curious old Antiphonal containing a chorister's service for Palm Sunday in the early Roman church. This shows the ancient "Block" type of musical notation and the individual parchment pages present a beautiful effect with the black notes placed at regular intervals on the four-line red staff. The pages of this book, by the way, are excellent specimens of "palimpsest." Perhaps for the benefit of the uninitiated it had better be explained that this term is applied to inscriptions on parchment from which other writings have been erased. In this case, while the work of erasure has been done neatly, quite evident traces remain of the first writing.

Following the early manuscripts came the old "Block Books." Mr. Barnett has a splendid example of these in a facsimile, itself bearing traces of the passage of years, of the "Bibliae Pauperum" (Bibles for the poor), which were chained at desks in the mediaeval churches. This book has "tryptych" pages—three-columned, with a picture in the middle and descriptive passages on either side—and was the first example known of wood-engraving, that familiar art of years ago whose revival promises to be a feature of modern illustrating.

The early history of printing is illustrated in a volume "One Hundred Precepts of Brother Frances d'Erp," done by Peter Schoyffer, who it will be remembered, was associated with Gutenberg and Faust in the development of the art. This book is an excellent illustration of the remarkable beauty of the first hand-cut, movable, wooden letters. Mr. Barnett places the volume as having been printed in 1474.

It is rather a curious coincidence that the Canadian Stratford, which, by the way, is also "on-Avon," should have the distinction of containing



a magnificent collection of Shakespeare. The immortal bard has evidently had a strong attraction for Mr. Barnett, and his Shakespeariana, including some 1,300 volumes and 2,000 pamphlets, is undoubtedly the finest feature of his library. As can well be imagined, the collection embraces some interesting historical volumes. Among these Mr. Barnett points with considerable worthy pride to a couple of old Source Books, one in particular containing North's translation of Plutarch and some Greek and Latin plays. These illustrate the well-known fact that the mighty bard was no less a plagiarist than modern writers. In one instance Mr. Barnett turns to pages from which whole blocks of Julius Caesar have unquestionably been taken holus bolus.

Mr. Barnett is not only a Shakespearian collector but is also a student and authority who stands high among other perhaps better-known authorities. He tells, incidentally, and with characteristic modesty, of an incident from which he was able to draw a good deal of amusement. On one of his trips to the Old Land he was impelled, when in the British Museum, to draw attention to a rather ridiculous error in the descriptive data in the Shakespearian collection and was able to prove his point in spite of the protests of some of the attendants, who, he says, "Could hardly credit the fact that a Canadian with a backwoods library should know anything about Shakespeare."

Honors have come to Mr. Barnett in still other ways. He justly takes pride in the fact that some little time ago, on request, he was able to supply seventeen books and a number of pamphlets to aid in the work of making as comprehensive as possible the Shakespeare Memorial library at Stratford-on-Avon.

Continued on page 181.



The most remarkable private collection of books in Canada

The Gospel Truth

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Illustrated by C. L. Bambridge

THE man's step grew hesitant as he neared the edge of the bluff. The cottonwoods were thinning out and he could see the shack itself now, a poor little sod affair, a lonesome black dot against the moon-bathed snow. Presently he stopped and gazed long and anxiously.

From left to right his bloodshot eyes darted in keen scrutiny; not a detail of the surroundings escaped him. He made a swift calculation of the distance he would have to go in the full glare of the moon and mumbled an oath into his frost-whitened shaggy beard to find himself doing it.

"Them fellas'd have to go some to git this fur" he growled, and the muscles knotted on his closed jaws.

Besides, the ulster overcoat he had taken from the young farmer that morning afforded concealment as well as warmth. Warmth? His feet were numb and freezing; his calloused hands in the pockets of the coat were cracked and bleeding with frost-bite!

Shifting his snowshoes to the other shoulder so that they hung down his back by the buckskin thong, he stumbled forward across the open.

No light was showing in the shack, but the hour was late. He was more concerned over the fact that no wisp of smoke steamed from the squat chimney; he couldn't imagine his mother letting the fire out if she was at home and the nearest homestead was thirty miles away.

Without ceremony he pushed open the door, calling her hoarsely. He groped over to the corner where the bunk was, but it was empty and cold.

"Make yerself to hum, Sammy," he apostrophized indifferently as he tossed the *racquettes* to the floor and proceeded to search for matches on the shelf where she always kept them. He struck one of them and by its feeble flicker located the old tin lamp, grunting with satisfaction at finding oil in it.

The one room was meagerly furnished enough with rough home-made makeshifts, but every article was in its place and things were clean. He

chucked as his eye fell on the open fireplace and noted the kindling laid and the supply of dry wood inviting the touch of a match.

"The Ol' Woman al'ays was a good housekeeper" he nodded as he held his hands over the crackling blaze.

When they began to tingle and sting with returning life he took off the overcoat and hunted about till he found some old clothes which his father had once worn and which his mother had preserved to his memory, though heaven alone knew what the "old man" had done to deserve it except to depart in peace after a hilarious spree. Transferring to these relics of a vanished hand, he took his own tell-tale garments one by one and fed them to the fire.



He awoke like an animal, alert, propped himself on his elbow and listened

He began to feel more cheerful as he rummaged about for something to eat and having once swallowed several cups of hot tea and eaten a quantity of bread and meat his good humor increased at a rapid rate. He swore with exuberant delight when he came across an old clay pipe and a remnant of dry tobacco. Moccasins stretched to the fire, warmth tingling through his hunger satisfied and a pipe between his teeth—even Sam Slade could smile.

Once he got up and went to the door. The sky had grown overcast and a snowflake melted on his upturned face. He laughed outright. By morning his trail would be completely obliterated. Rolling himself in a blanket, he lay down in front of the fire and went to sleep for the first time in forty-eight hours.

HE awoke, like an animal, all his senses alert. He propped himself on an elbow and listened, then threw off the coverings and slid along the wall until he could glance hurriedly at the window. It was his mother driving the old ox into the tiny stable and he lay down again with a sigh of relief.

She came in presently, stamping the snow from her heavy boots and unwinding the red woollen muffler as she swung the door shut.

"Lo, Maw."

"Sammy!" Her eyes opened wide in disbelief. Her big striped mittens dropped unheeded to the floor as she stared at him.

"Didn't reckon on seein' me fer a spell, eh?" he grinned.

"Sammy, what—what be you doin' here?" she faltered.

"An' what would I be doin' Maw 'cept makin' of myself to hum good an' plenty?" He frowned. "Had to get me own bloomin' supper las' night didn't have nothin' to eat since night 'fore las' neither." He nodded towards the dirty dishes as he spoke.

Old Mrs. Slade sank into the nearest chair, smoothing out the muffler with trembling fingers.

"Mis' McCarsky was taken down sick yestiddy mornin' an' I b'en over there doin' fer her'n and the childer. Says she, 'you'll jest be stoppin' with us fer a day or two, Mis' Slade.' She said that, Sammy, an' I come nigh to doin' of it; on'y they was somethin' kep' sayin' inside me as I best be gettin' along to hum. But I wasn't dreamin' 'twas you, Sammy. I thought you writ as you was stoppin' where—where you was—fer quite a spell. I say a thought—"

"Well, never mind thinkin' anythin' 'Taint good fer ye. Reckon, Maw, you might 's well be gittin' my breakfast. Hey? Git a move on, Ol' Lady, fer I'm some empty."

"I've got some cold johnnycake an' I'll make you a cup o' tea an' there be some meat—Mis' McCarsky says, says she, 'Well, ef you will be goin', Mis' Slade, you'll jest be takin' along some o' the cold roast an' a bit o' puddin' fer yer-self. So there are them things you kin have. Sammy, an' a welcum hum to you, Sammy. I say, a welcum hum to you, Sammy."

On that slush, Maw! Git a move on y' h."

The good woman hastily laid aside her wraps and when he had drawn his chair to the table and wolfishly attacked the food which she set before him, she sat silently by, watching him eat. Now that she had opportunity for a closer and calmer survey, it came to her with a shock of pain—the gauntness of his tall frame, the hollows of his cheeks, the dark pockets under the eyes and the strange shifty look in the eyes themselves. His face was heavier, too—brutalized, though she did not think that thought; she only knew the change was there—an undefinable something that had never belonged to her boy before, her Sammy. Quick tears welled in her eyes as she watched the rapacity with which he ate.

"Tell me" she murmured at length as she replenished his cup. "Tell me all about it, Sammy boy. I say, tell your old mother all about it, Sammy."

He finished buttering his sixth slice of johnnycake before he spoke.

"Listen" he began abruptly. "I escaped two nights ago. No matter how I did it. I ain't got no time fer pertic'lers. Chance come an' I grabbed onto it. I'd been layin' low fer a long spell, waitin' fer it; they come to look on me as a 'trusty' an' got keener. I got clean away an' I reckon they didn't miss me till mornin'. By that time I was miles away from Stony Mountain y'bet yer sweet life.

"I headed fer here so's to git a change o' clo'es—Yep, these're dad's ol' things, Maw. Also I knowed ye'd give me somethin' to eat fer the trip south 'crost the line. I nearly froze gittin' here, but I made it O.K."

He gulped a mouthful of tea and drew his shirt-sleeve across his thick lips.

"I knowed they'd be after me hot-foot onc't the alarm was out, fer they do things thorough back at the Penitentiary. I could reckon on a stiff run fer my money if I wasn't keener 'bout the trail I left. So I covered that up mighty slick an' I reckon I got 'em guessin', damn 'em!—Beg pardon, Maw! but swearin' wouldn't

shock yuh ef y' on'y knew what it means to—to—" He hunched his shoulders. "But I ain't goin' to squeal, y' understand," he asserted grimly. "I've took my medicine up till now an' I ain't goin' to whine when it'll all soon



He swore with exuberant delight when he came across a remnant of dry tobacco

be over, thank God!—if I'm lucky."

Old Mrs. Slade's thin, work-gnarled fingers picked nervously at the gingham apron on her knees.

"Ef—ye—be—lucky," she repeated slowly, regarding him through brimming tears. "Oh Sammy, Sammy, it—it be awful! It be jest—awful!"

"Fer heaven's sake, cut that out!" he snapped irritably. "Quit it, Maw. Taint no time fer cryin' over spilt milk. I'm in a mighty big hurry, y' understand, an' I reckon I'll be pullin' my freight soon an'—taint likely I'll be seein' yuh again fer some slight spell. So buck up! Say, this here cake sure is great dope! Y'aint lost none o' y'r cunnin' at cookin' things, Maw!"

Mrs. Slade wiped her eyes on a corner of her checkered apron.

"Where be you goin', Sammy?" she asked quietly.

"'Crost to the States. Straight south from here. Reckon I'll find a job somewheres. Mebbe I'll beat it out to the Coast an' bury myself in a lumberin' camp somewheres."

"When be you startin'?"

"To-night—soon's it's dark. I. I."

keeps on snowin' like this there won't be no moon an' that'll help some, Maw."

She got up at that and began to prepare a basket of food. He nodded his approval as he ate.

"That's the dope; You've al'ays been a good mother to me, Maw, an' I ain't fergittin' it neither. When I git located mebbe I'll be able to send yuh some coin to help out."

The tears were still brimming in her eyes as she turned slowly toward him.

"It's so little—so little, Sammy. I wisht there was more I could be doin' fer ve."

"It's helpin' a whole lot, Maw. Soon's night comes, I'll hike. By daybreak I ought to hit the ol' Deacon place down Beamer-ville way. I c'n hide there to-morrow an' 'nother night 'll see me 'crost the border."

Old Mrs. Slade clenched her hands till her thin little body quivered with indignation.

"Oh, the injustice o' it!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "Fleein' like a thief in the night!—you, Sammy Slade, son o' Jeremiah Slade, as innercent o' wrong-doin' as a babe unborn! You writ me you never done it, Sammy boy. Ye do be innercent, ben't you, Sammy."

Beneath the wistful earnestness of her look his eyes fell and for a moment he ate in silence.

"I—somehow I can't lie to you, Maw," he muttered.

"I knowed it! Oh, I knowed it, Sammy!" she cried gladly. But he looked up quickly, a sudden resolve on his face.

"Maw, I was goin' to say as I wouldn't never lie to you again," he began; then stopped. She looked at him, uncomprehending.

"I got your letter, Sammy. It come jest after they put ye in the—lockup, an' it comforted me so! I couldn't have stood the disgrace an' sech, Sammy, ef I hadn't have knowed ye didn't do it. There aint never been no Slade done a thing like that. It's al'ays be'n the Gospel Truth fer our folks; no lyin' ner deceivin', an' as fer stealin'—Why, Sammy boy, it warn't in ye to do a thing like that!" She laughed a little, tremulously. "So when ye writ—"

"I lied!" he blurted uncomfortably. "Lied, that's what, Maw! But I reckon it wasn't treatin' ye square—Maw! What's ailin' ye?"

He sprang to his feet in alarm. But she caught at the back of the chair to steady herself and he shrank in dismay from the sudden change in her. Beneath the shock and pain of this reve-

lation her face seemed to wither and age while he looked; he saw the lines of her mouth harden, while her eyes—he could not look into her eyes.

"Ye—fiel— to—to me?" she gasped painfully. "Ye mean ye did steal it? An' after all my trainin' of ye! Answer me, Samuel Slade! Ye stole that there money?"

"'Twas on'y three thousand, Maw. I had to have it—Bah! you can't understand how 'twas! Ye needn't go actin' up over it. They got every red o' it back, didn't they?" he objected desperately. "Honest to God! they—"

"An' what ef ye hadn't be'n caught, Samuel Slade? What ef ye hadn't be'n caught? Oh I'm glad they got ye in time—glad fer y'r own sake! 'A false witness shall not be unpunished' the Good Book be sayin', 'an' him as speaks lies shall not escape.' Ah, that be it: that be it!"

She reached for her overcoat and woollen hood, her mittens and the muffler. Without a word she proceeded to don them and turned suddenly towards the door.

"Where yuh think y're goin'?" he demanded sharply and old Mrs. Slade turned on him wrathfully.

"I be goin' to hitch up o' Beauty, Samuel Slade, an' I be goin' to drive inter town to once—to the post-office."

"Expectin' some mail, eh?" he sneered suspiciously.

"I be goin' to send a tellygraft to the Pen'tentiary—?"

He was across the room at a bound, dragging her back.

"Yuh gone crazy?" he cried hoarsely. He slammed the door and leaned against it, glaring angrily. "Yuh gone clean nutty? Think! after all I gone through, I'm goin'—"

His jaws closed with a click of teeth. He crouched back with a muttered oath, his muscles tense. Her eyes followed his to the window—and she stood there, frozen with sudden terror. A sleigh had stopped on the trail, opposite the shack; a man was seated in it and two others, with rifles in their hands, were approaching on foot.

"Reckon ye'll be saved a long cold drive, Maw!" he growled bitterly. "But they aint goin' to git me 'thout some scrap, curse 'em! Ye'll give me a chance, Maw? All I ast is a chance. I'm goin' to make a break fer the woods the back way—"

"Shet up!" she whispered fiercely. "Fool! Ye can't git away now 'thout bein' potted with them guns. Ye stay right here."

He watched her in amazement as she snatched up a tin pail, wound the muffler more closely around her neck and slipped quickly through the door, closing it carefully behind her.

She made straight for the spring a

few yards away, humming a snatch of song as she went. Her start of surprise at sight of the strangers was well feigned.

"WELL, bless my soul, gentlemen!" she gasped as they came up. "Ye sartunly take a body's breath. People is plenty scarce in these parts."

"Same to you, madam" nodded one of the men, bobbing a finger towards the peak of his fur cap.

"Out deer huntin' be ye?" she inquired pleasantly, evading the rifles.

"Not exactly, madam." The taller of the two took on head. "But you might say we was after big game at that! Eh, Bill?" He chuckled at his own cleverness.

"We're constables, Missus," broke in the other gruffly, "an' we're after a prisoner what broke loose from the Stony Mountain jail a couple nights ago. We've traced him within a few miles of here an' we're combin' the district fer him. Seen anythin' of a strange man hangin' around lately?"

"Why, what like of a lookin' feller was he?" she cried with sudden eagerness.

"Big rangy-lookin' cuss, shaggy hair and beard, 'bout 170 pounds, six feet tall, ugly mug with a scar over one eye—dressed in a big ulster overcoat,



The Son of the Otter

—ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING AND THRILLING STORIES OF THE GREAT CANADIAN FUR COUNTRY EVER WRITTEN—WILL START IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF CANADA MONTHLY.

DR. GEORGE VANSCHAICK, A DESCENDENT OF ONE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILIES OF HOLLAND, HAS PRODUCED IN THE SON OF THE OTTER, A STORY OF OUR GREAT NORTH COUNTRY THAT WILL BE OF DEEP INTEREST TO EVERY CANADIAN.

In the February
Canada Monthly



dark green hood been a trusty for more an two years.

"Gentlemen! In, thinkin' I can help ye!" she interupted eagerly. "A man stopped here as high fer a week to eat an' he was right in the middle of the trail, so I had him come in an' warm up fer a spell. I was thinkin' he was some tramp, though I was wonderin' what he was comin' so fur from the railroa. He had on the big green overcoat, an' you speak of it an' he kept it on all the time. A wester, fer he had no hat. Long way to travel an' when I got in a pair o' lumber, he was a good fit in business. An' I was then a gas fer he was the first from a pool, lookin' down at the lake, an' might be sayin' 'thout ye ever they be leavin'. His rifle didn't see nothin' I say, the rifle didn't see nothin' an' I was sayin' to Mrs. McCarsky, 'an' the rifle didn't see nothin' an' I was sayin' to Mrs. McCarsky, 'an' as I was sayin' to her an' to other feller sayin'."

"What time was that?" she interrupted the taller of the constables impatiently. "What time did you see this man?"

"Bless yer heart, gentlemen, as how was I to know the what time it was, ner timepiece, in the place? But it was 'bout a couple o' hours, mebber after dark an' an' the moon got up."

"It's him, Bill. Snows are on the tracks—Which way was he comin' when he left here, an' an' Did ye notice that?"

"Aye, but that's what I was meanin' when I said as how I was thinkin' I could be helpin' ye. He ast me how fur it was to the Canadian Northern tracks from here an' I told him 'twas a good thirty mile north o' here an' some closer in the Canadian Pacific. An' when he left here, gentles, he went straight north fer them there tracks an' I reckon ef ye hurry ye can catch up to him b' mornin', seein' s' ye've got a horse 'n sleigh. Straight north he went. I was sayin' to Mrs. McCarsky on'y the other day—"

BUT they were already running for the sleigh, waving their rifles over their heads in farewell and shouting their thanks. She stood where she was, waving to them as they climbed into the sleigh, lashed up the horses and were off in a whirl of snow along the trail that wound away to the north.

When they were quite out of sight old Mrs. Slade turned weakly and ran breathlessly back to the shack. She burst in through the door in frantic excitement.

"Sammy!" she shrieked hysterically. "Run, Sammy! Run like the very devil!"

The Prairie Wife

*The Story of Canada's Greatest Book of the Year**

by ARTHUR STRINGER

Reviewed by Grace Williamson Willett

THE great wash of prairie air from sky line to sky line puts something into my blood or brain that leaves me almost dizzy. I sizzle. It makes me pulse and tingle and cry out that life is good—good. We've saved our wheat crop, and it's a whopper. The railway is going to come. Our ranch will no longer be a dot on the wilderness. It will be on the time tables and the mail-routes. Wee Dinky-Dink has doubled in weight in three weeks. Big Dinky-Dunk is pouring over a bundle of house plans mailed to us from Philadelphia. We're to have a telephone, as soon as the railway gets through, and a wind mill and running water and a hot water furnace and sleeping porches and a butler's pantry and a laundry chute and a garage for our six cylinder—and next winter in California, if we want it. And yet—I stare out over the prairie and realize that nothing will ever be the same again. Our first home is to be wiped off the map—poor little cat eyed, cubby-hole of a wick-up. Our first year's battle in the wilderness is triumphantly over and gone and the page must be turned. I wonder if our new life will be as happy as our old life has been! I wonder!

SPLASH! That was me, just a year ago, falling plump into the pool of matrimony before I'd had time to fall in love.

Uncle Carlton's cable reached me at Monte Carlo telling me my nest egg was gone, smashed in the Chilean revolution. In less than twenty-four hours after I landed in New York minus a maid and a 'dot' Count Theobald Gustav von Guntner had severed our diplomatic relations. In the language of my fellow countrymen he threw me down, and Dinky-Dunk caught me on the bounce. Before I had time to collect hem-stitched sheets, golf boots and a chafing dish I was married, married to a shack owner who grew wheat up in the Canadian West. Then off we flew for our shack before poor, extravagant, ecstatic Dinky-Dunk's thirty-six wedding orchids from Thorley's had faded.

Well, that shack wasn't quite what I expected. I expected a cross between a shooting box and a Swiss chalet, with a rambler rose draping the front, a little flowery island on the prairie where we could play Swiss Family Robinson. What a come-down it was. The shack was a two by four, containing a small array of unspeakably ugly crockery dishes, a coal-oil lamp, a flour barrel, and a smelly steer hide bed. The privacy of my bedroom was assured by nothing more substantial than a canvas drop curtain.

The shack looked infinitely worse from the outside. The board siding had first been covered with tarpaper for the sake of warmth and over this had been nailed pieces of tin—bottoms of old bake pans, tobacco boxes, tomato cans, flattened out stove pipe, sides of an old wash boiler—a crazy quilt solidified into a homestead. It must

have taken weeks and weeks to do. Suddenly my poor little Joseph's coat home impressed me as something poignant, vocal of the tragic expedients to which men on the prairie must turn. Then I did something which startled me. I got down on my knees and prayed to God to keep me from being a piker and to lead me into the way of bringing happiness to the home that was to be mine and Dinky-Dunk's. Then I rolled up my sleeves, tied a face towel over my head and went to work.

SOME women make prairie life so ugly and empty and hardening. But they are the "slums" of the prairie. I have been a "creator" this past year. I have created a home out of a shack. Home—it's such a beautiful word.

Dinky-Dunk says that matrimony is like motoring because it is really travel-



I went straight to the buckboard. "Haven't you," I demanded, "any explanation for acting like this?"

ling by a series of explosions. I think that our first explosion occurred when I cut off my hair. It was as thick as a rope and a terrible nuisance with no Hortense to struggle with it. One morning when I got up with so much work ahead of me I found the scissors and in six snips had my brownish gold mane right bang off. I took a nail punch out of Dinky-Dunk's tool-kit and heated it over the lamp and gave a little more wave to that two inch shock of stubble. Then with my Stetson, a coat of Dinky-Dunk's, my duckgun and Paddy, my pinto, I concluded that I wouldn't make such a bad-looking boy. When Dinky-Dunk saw me there was a wicked swear word mixed up in his ejaculation of startled wonder. He looked at the big tangled pile of brownish gold on my packing-box dresser as if it were a grave. He did not relent until I got my mouth organ, which I had been practising like mad, learning to play, and sat meekly on the door step and began to mouth the "Don't be Cross" waltz. Then he picked me up forgivingly, mouth organ and all and called me a high spirited devil with a hair trigger temper.

I believe Dinky-Dunk loved that mouth organ music. But how I did long for a piano and some real music. For three hours of "Manon" I'd have been willing to hang like a chimpanzee from the Metropolitan's center Chandelier. Howsomever, what was the use of wishing for luxuries when our only can opener was a hatchet and our colander a leaky milk pan with holes punched in its bottom. I had even seen Dinky-Dunk spend a half hour straightening out old nails taken from one of our shipping boxes.

OUR only luxury was the freedom of isolation. Life was so simple, honest, so back to first principles. Do people really need culture as much as they imagine? Culture, it seems to me as I look back on things, tends to make people more and more mere spectators of life. Culture with them takes the place of what they miss by not being actual builders and workers. Dinky-Dunk and I were farmers, just rubes and hicks, but we were making a great new country out of what was once a wilderness. To me, that seemed enough. Even if my music came from



Percy was solemnly reading out loud when he walked Dinky-Dunk

a mouth organ, there was joy in the thought of getting rid of all the sublimated junk of city life. We had a roof, a bed, and a fire. What is there, really, after that?

WINTER was coming on. I who had once been a thirty-six was now a perfect forty-two. I who in my gay winters in London and New York used so many tricks to woo sleep to my pillow now was so tired after every day's work that my pillow seemed to bark like a dog for me to come and pat it. My hair was growing long enough to do in a sort of half-hearted French roll. I was just coming to the conclusion that there wasn't much room in a two by four shack for the *Triangle*—when Percy appeared.

Percival Benson Woodhouse had been jolly well bunked by the photographs of a land chap in London into buying the Titchbone Ranch. His lungs rather troubled him in England and a specialist told him to try Canada. He was an Oxford man, effete, old-worldish, and useless on the prairie. When he chopped kindling he had to stand in a washtub to keep from cutting his feet. Yet he represented something I had been missing. He was suggestive of Capri, Florence, the Luxembourg Gardens, and my dear old dancing days. Immediately we

were great friends. My poor Dinky-Dunk who had been working so hard and seeing no one really enjoyed his visits.

The days slipped by. Several times Dinky-Dunk and I gipsyed across the autumn prairie on shooting trips or the forty miles to Buckhorn to lay in winter supplies. For the rest, Dinky-Dunk was a sort of pendulum, swinging out to work, back to eat, and then out and then back again. Dinky-Dunk was absolute and unshaken in his faith in this West of ours, once one had awakened to its opportunities. It was a stored up granary of wealth, he declared, and all men had done so far was to nibble along the leaks in the floor cracks. The next summer would be our banner year. He would risk everything on wheat. He was like a general plotting a future plan of campaign. He grew thin, his Adam's apple stuck out. He worried about his land payments. And I grew homesick for all the lovely corners

of the earth I had seen before becoming a dot in the wilderness. The prairie wind sometimes gave me the willies. I felt as much out of my setting as was Percival Benson Woodhouse.

I WAS alone one afternoon, busy in the shack, when a Mounted Policeman rode up to the door, and for a moment, nearly frightened the life out of me. He calmly announced that a ranchman named McMein had been murdered by a drunken cowboy in a wage dispute, and the murderer had been seen heading for the Cochrane Ranch. He (the M. P.) inquired if I would object to his searching the buildings.

Would I object? I most assuredly did not. I made that handsome young man in the scarlet coat come right into the shack and begin his search by looking under the bed, and then going down the cellar.

"Have you got a gun?" he suddenly asked me.

I showed him my duck-gun with its silver mountings, and he smiled a little.

"Haven't you a rifle?" he demanded.

I explained that my husband had, and he still stood squinting out through the doorway as I poked about the shack-corners and found Dinky-Dunk's repeater.

"I've got to search those buildings and stacks," he told me. "And I can only be in one place at once. If you see a man break from under cover anywhere, when I'm inside, *be so good as to shoot him!*"

He started off without another word, with his big army revolver in his hand. My teeth began to do a little fox-trot all by themselves.

"Wait! Stop!" I shouted after him. "Don't go away!"

He stopped and asked me what was wrong. "I—I don't want to shoot a man! I don't want to shoot *any* man!" I tried to explain to him.

"You probably won't have to," was his cool response. "But it's better to do that than have him shoot you, isn't it?"

Whereupon Mr. Red-Coat made straight for the hay-stacks, and I stood in the doorway, with Dinky-Dunk's rifle in my hands and my knees shaking a little.

Then my heart stopped beating. For out of a pile of straw which Olie had dumped not a hundred feet away from the house, to line a pit for our winter vegetables, a man suddenly erupted.

I could see the whites of his eyes as he ran for the shack. He had a revolver in his hand. I noticed that, but it didn't seem to trouble me much.

"Put that silly thing down," I told him, as he ran up to me with his head lowered and that indescribably desperate look in his big frightened eyes. "If you're not a fool I can get you hidden," I told him. It reassured me to see that his knees were shaking much more than mine. I stooped over the trap-door and lifted it up. "Get down there quick! He's searched that cellar and won't go through it again. Stay there until I say he's gone!"

He slipped over to the trap-door and went slowly down the steps, with his eyes narrowed and his revolver held up in front of him, as though he still half expected to find some one there to confront him with a blunderbuss. Then I promptly shut the trap-door. But there was no way of locking it.

I had my murderer there, trapped. But the question was to keep him there. I tiptoed into the bedroom and lifted the mattress, bedding and all, off the bedstead. I tugged it out and put it

silently down over the trap-door. Then, without making a sound, I turned the table over on it. But he could still lift that table, I knew, even with me sitting on top of it. So I started to pile things on the overturned table, until it looked like a moving-van ready for a May-Day migration. Then I sat on top of that pile of household goods, reached for Dinky-Dunk's repeater, and deliberately fired a shot up through the open door.

I sat there, studying my pile, feeling sure a revolver bullet couldn't possibly come up through all that stuff. But before I had much time to think about this my corporal of the R. N. W. M. P. (which means, Matilda Anne, the Royal North-West Mounted Police) came through the door on the run. He looked relieved when he saw me triumphantly astride that overturned

no parley, no deliberation, no hesitation.

"Haden't you better go outside," he suggested as he started piling the things off the trap-door.

"You're not going down there?" I demanded.

"Why not?" he asked.

"But he's got a revolver," I cried out, "and he's sure to shoot!"

"That's why I think it might be better for you to step outside for a moment or two," was my soldier boy's casual answer.

I walked over and got Dinky-Dunk's repeater. Then I crossed to the far side of the shack, with the rifle in my hands.

"I'm going to stay," I announced.

"All right," was the officer's unconcerned answer as he tossed the mattress to one side and with one quick pull threw up the trap-door.

A shot rang out, from below, as the door swung back against the wall. But it was not repeated, for the man in the red coat jumped bodily, heels first, into that black hole. He didn't seem to count on the risk, or on what might be ahead of him. He just jumped, spurs down, on that other man with the revolver in his hand. I could hear little grunts, and wheezes, and a thud or two against the cellar steps. Then there was silence, except for one double "click-click" which I couldn't understand.

Oh, Matilda Anne, how I watched that cellar opening! And I saw a back with a red coat on it slowly rise out of the hole. He, the man who owned the back of course, was dragging the other man bodily up the narrow little stairs. There was a pair of handcuffs already on his wrists and he seemed dazed and helpless, for that slim-looking soldier boy had pummeled him unmercifully, knocking out his two front teeth, one of which I found on the doorstep when I was sweeping up.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to take one of your horses for a day or two," was all my R. N. W. M. P. hero condescended to say to me as he poked an arm through his prisoner's and helped him out through the door.

"What—what will they do with him?" I called out after the corporal.

(Continued on page 155)



He went slowly down the steps, with his eyes narrowed and his revolver held up in front

table loaded up with about all my household junk.

"I've got him for you," I calmly announced.

"You've got what?" he said, apparently thinking I'd gone mad.

"I've got your man for you," I repeated. "He's down there in my cellar." And in one minute I'd explained just what had happened. There was

Hockey at Iron Cliff

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by John Whiting



OR confirmation of this story you will have to ask Haney. Who is Haney? Don't you know Patrick Haney of Iron Cliff, saw mill owner and one of the best sports of the old school?

Perhaps you have heard of Haney's Stars, that clever septette of speed merchants which played so prominent a part in Northern Hockey League circles a few years ago? Well, that was Haney's team.

You will remember that Haney's Stars won the league championship in '98, and that their winning caused a furore in hockey circles; no doubt because Iron Cliff, that little mill-town nestled away back in the cold bleak, northern part of Ontario, was the last place in which the wise ones ever expected to find a team of championship calibre. But did you ever hear of the trouble Haney had that year to win the honors, and the events that led up to the defeat of the Kerry team? Let me tell you.

TAKEN by and large, Iron Cliff wasn't much of a place. The census might give it three hundred population and, if it did, Pat Haney could tell you that every man-jack was on his pay-roll. Iron Cliff was a saw-mill burg, pure and simple. A railroad and a small river ran through it, all buildings were constructed of wood and scattered as a protection against fire. On its main thoroughfare were its stores and a small hotel. The nearest village was Keith, and it was sixteen miles distant. Such was Iron Cliff in '98. To-day—but that doesn't matter.

Athletics were Haney's religion. He said they made better workmen, and were conducive to better behaviour. "To keep a man healthy, give him lots of work; to make him contented, give him lots of clean, healthy, sport"—that, in short, was Patrick Haney's

creed, and he was known from Ottawa to the Height of Land for his business ability and good, sound common sense.

In embryo, little is known of Haney's Stars. By hook or crook Haney got seven players together, and by bribe and bonus he kept them; for mill-men are not given to hockey any more than good hockey players are likely to work in a saw-mill for one dollar-fifty per day. However, Haney, who was chief cook and bottle-washer in Iron Cliff, placed seven men on the ice, and the boys to honor him, unanimously agreed that the team be called Haney's Stars. This question settled to the satisfaction of everybody, Haney's Stars started out to put Iron Cliff on the hockey map.

AT five o'clock one January afternoon, Pat Haney lay back in his office chair, with his feet on the desk, his eyes shut—thinking, thinking, thinking.

On a small shelf a clock ticked off the hours, and outside the snow fell in



large flakes. At intervals from the mill near-by came the hum of the big circular saw as it ripped a path through a saw-log.

Pat Haney was in a bad hole. The preceding evening one of his best players, to wit "Curley" Brown, cover point, had skipped out, and Pat knew it was impossible to get a man to take



his place. Now, come to think of it this was a serious matter.

Kerry—35 miles distant—and Iron Cliff had just finished their league games with four wins and two losses each, and Pat Haney had been notified that the league officials had arranged home and home games for the Silver Cup, which was emblematic of the championship.

And Pat Haney wanted that cup! Wanted it? He absolutely must have it. He had spent so much time and money on the Stars that he felt he had a kind of mortgage on the silverware. He knew his team could beat Kerry; in fact, he was so cocksure that he would have gambled his mills any old time on the result.

But with the best man on the team gone, and nobody in sight to take his place, Pat's dreams of winning got a rude awakening. And to make matters worse, Iron Cliff had been ordered to play the first game in Kerry on January 25th, and—this was the 21st.

At 5.30 or thereabouts, Haney heard his office door open and close, so putting down his feet and rubbing his eyes, for it was getting dark, he turned toward the door.

He saw a heavy-set, clean-shaven, whiskey-smelling man, who bore every resemblance in the shape of the head and the cast of features to a negro, except that the man was white—a tallowy, sickly white.

"Well," said Haney, quietly, for he was used to having strangers call on him—"What's your business?"

"Looking for work," the stranger replied.

"Ever play hockey?" It was the first thought in Haney's mind, and he felt that he had made a mistake in asking it, but strange to say the man answered:

"Some."

"What's your name?"



"Bill White."

At mention of the name, Haney's brain went on a hunt for information. Bill White, Wanderers, Montreal, proclaimed the brain suddenly, digging the information out of the chaotic archives of his cerebrum.

"Ever play with the Wanderers?"

"I did," confessed White.

Haney shook his head doubtfully. The news was too good to be true.

"You're a pleasant liar," he said.

"I don't believe you are the Bill White who played with the Wanderers any more than I believe at this minute that I am Bob Fitzsimmons."

Nevertheless, Haney hired the man to work in the mill, and to make a long story short Bill White worked out with the Stars that same evening and made good.

Wilson, captain of the Stars, met Haney after the work-out.

"Well," said Pat.

"He's got the goods," said Wilson, enthusiastically—"Barrels of speed, but God! man, he's rough."

"But do you think he is Bill White?"

"I believe anything," Wilson confessed, showing a bruised cheek—"But he must be kept from the booze."

Next afternoon, Haney's Stars journeyed to Kerry and defeated that team by four goals to three. It was a hair-raising contest, but the Stars had the speed and the Kerry team couldn't connect. Several fist fights took place on the ice, and for these Bill White was alone to blame, so after the game, the Kerry supporters told Haney that they would most certainly take steps to have this man White expelled from the league for rough play.

This put a fly in Pat Haney's ointment. He knew they could do it.

And they did.

Several days later Pat Haney attended a league meeting at which Bill White's playing came up for a hearing. Kerry's supporters were present in a body, and they said that hockey would become brutal and degrading if such tactics were again permitted, and Pat Haney, who had made a strong fight on behalf of his player, was forced to give in.

Pat had just returned to his office, when Bill White came in from the mill to hear the news.

"You are fired!" shouted Haney. "They have expelled you from taking any further part in the Northern League."

"What for?" White asked, not knowing just exactly what to say.

"For rough-housing it! Man, this isn't the N. H. A. We play a pink-tea, Sunday School, kindergarten brand of hockey in this league, we do! 'The sport must not become brutal and degrading.' Say, are you aware that Kerry comes here next Monday night, and that if we win that game the silver cup is ours? And do you know that if you were to scrape this territory with a fine tooth comb, you wouldn't find a hockey player within twenty miles? Now, if hockey players grew on spruce trees I would have men when I wanted them, but it has been my luck that I can get good players and lose them again just when they are needed most."

Bill White evidenced much sympathy for Pat Haney in his trouble. He told him he was very sorry for what happened. He wasn't exactly to blame for all the trouble.

"When a man jabs you in the ribs with the butt end of his stick, Mr Haney, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" said Pat, rising, "I would hit him in the jaw."

"That's what I did," said Bill, quietly.

For a few minutes Pat Haney was in deep thought, and then turning to Bill White asked somewhat bashfully:

"Did you ever play minstrel?"

Bill White laughed.

"It makes me so sore," confessed Haney, "to see these fellows throw you out of the league, that I could do almost anything to them. Do you think," he said very slowly, and lowering his voice, "that you could change your color for this game with Kerry, and get away with it? You understand what I mean—supposing you blackened up and came in on the same train with the Kerry team on Monday night."

It took the two conspirators but a few minutes to make their plans, during which Haney laughed and Bill White roared. If they could pull off the stunt—well, it was worth the try, anyway. In short, their plan was this: Bill White was to leave Monday morning for Keith. Before going he was to tell the men in the mill that Pat Haney had discharged him. At Keith he was to blacken up and boarding the train that evening would arrive in Iron Cliff with the Kerry team. Then, after getting off the train he was to make a very strong protest to the Iron Cliff men who would be sent to meet him, that he wasn't a hockey player, and carrying the thing out would have to be forced into a uniform and dumped on the ice. Then, in order not to be detected, he would have to change his style of play.

Bill White left on Monday morning, and the boys gave him a send-off. They were sorry to see him go. Then Haney began harping on the eccentricities of a certain hockey star which used to shine in the firmament around Sherbrooke, Que.

"He's a dandy, boys, and no mistake about it. I got wind of him through that last traveller who was here. But this negro is devilish eccentric. Now, when he gets off the train, you'll have to grab him and lead him away, for just as likely as not he will say he can't play the game; that he is a bill poster, or a minstrel, or an advance agent or something. If you can't get him into a uniform by force, slip him this five. I believe he has a sneaking regard for money."

You see Pat Haney's idea about a secret was not to tell it.

All this talk sounded queer to the members of Haney's Stars, but they remembered that Pat Haney had



secured Bill White under peculiar circumstances, and he might have a good negro player on the string. They resolved at any rate that they would carry out their end of the proceedings. You see that game meant so much to them.

For obvious reasons, Pat Haney didn't meet the train that brought the Kerry team that Monday evening. But he was at the rink a short time before the game began. He called Wilson, the captain.

"He's a holy fright," said Wilson. "It took four men to handle him. However, I handed him that five, and Chubby Smith gave him two bits—he says he is not a hockey player, but an advance agent for something—"

"What did I tell you?" laughed Haney. "What name did he give?"

"Bill Black. It makes me smile to think that Bill Black takes Bill White's place. I hope he is as good."

"Where is he now?" Haney asked.

"In the dressing room, and as meek as Moses. Want to see him?"

"Never mind," Haney returned, pulling out his watch. "Better start the game."

Every mother's son in Iron Cliff was at that hockey match that night. When Iron Cliff went to a hockey match, it fixed its fires, put out the cat, turned the keys in the doors, and went. Haney's Stars made the people do it, besides wasn't it the boss' wishes.

Pat Haney took a position along the boards in the centre of the rink, so that he could watch the game from end to end. In the dim light, he saw the players come out of their dressing rooms and take their positions. Immediately his eye caught the form of Bill White plus the ebony hue at his old position at cover point. He would have waved a hand to him had he been sure no one would have detected the motion and guessed the secret. However, he was gratified that Bill White had done his part and was in the game—in spite of the league.

Then the game began. The puck travelled toward the Iron Cliff goal and Haney was on edge to see how Bill White would act. As for Bill, he made an awkward reach for it, missed it by a yard, and sat down with a thud. Though this wasn't exactly Bill White's way under such conditions, Pat Haney called him lovingly "the old fox" and smiled. Bill White was no mean actor.

But Bill White's good acting was not helping Haney's Stars to victory. The Kerry team set a terrific pace and bombarding the Iron Cliff goal, ran up a comfortable lead. At half-time, the score stood, Kerry 5: Iron Cliff 2. It looked to Haney as though the Stars were done.

After the players had left the ice and gone to their dressing-rooms,

Haney collected his scattered thoughts and followed them.

"Bill, Bill," he roared, pushing through the door—"what in—is the matter with you? This will never, never do. Why dammit man—"

His voice ended in a squawk for the man addressed as "Bill" acted as if suddenly terrorized, and backing away, appealed to the players for protection.

Haney stood still, gasped, and looked from face to face. There was something wrong. This man wasn't Bill White.

"Why, you're not Bill White!" he stormed, coming over and looking at the stranger, who edged away from him.

"Ah certainly am not," came the response in a deep bass voice.

Haney spoke to Wilson. The information he elicited got him no where.

"How did you get in here?" demanded Haney, getting ugly.

"Ah didn't get in boss," the man answered—"Ah was most assuredly pushed in."

He drew a card from his pocket and handed it to Haney.

"William Black, advance agent, Sunny South Minstrels," the lumber man read in bold type.

"Then where is Bill White?"

At that moment the dressing room door opened from the street, and a thick tongue articulated:

"Here—here—present, sir!"

Haney looked at the door and beyond the door. In the foreground he saw Bill White, streaked with black,

and intoxicated; in the background,

Bill White, streaked with black, and intoxicated; in the background,

Bill White, streaked with black, and intoxicated; in the background,

Bill White, streaked with black, and intoxicated; in the background,

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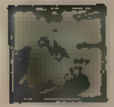
Bill White, streaked with black, and intoxicated; in the background,

The Colonel's Resurrection

—BY MADGE MACBETH—IS ONE OF THOSE TRUE TO LIFE WORD PICTURES OF PERSONS AND PLACES THAT FITS ON A LOT OF PEOPLE AND LOCALITIES ONE MEETS ON A LIFE'S JOURNEY. YES, OF COURSE, THERE IS A LOVE AFFAIR IN THIS STORY—A LASTING ONE. READ IT IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF

Canada Monthly

In the Forefront



MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER, SUNSHINE DISPENSER OF WINNIPEG; ROBERT DOLLAR, CANADIAN COOK BOY WHO NOW OWNS HIS OWN STEAMSHIP LINE; LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT MAXWELL DENNISTOUN, OF THE 53rd O. S. BATTALION: A BIG START AT TWENTY-FIVE—LIEUT. EDMUND C. SHEPPARD, VANCOUVER, B. C.

WE are familiar with Emerson's saying regarding the man who does any one thing better than his neighbors, even if it be the making of a mouse trap, that, though he build his house in the woods, the world will beat a path to his door. So, be the person man or woman who achieves, the fair minded are ready with the laurels, and glad that the world has produced another specimen to wear them becomingly.

Among the many brilliant women of Canada, in the City of Winnipeg, is one wherein this trait of preparedness is most strongly marked. She bears the name of Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner, and none ever found the said Genevieve napping, when opportunity was making his rounds; on the contrary she is on the door-step and half-way to the gate to meet him every time, and seldom does he give her the go-by. Result? People say she's lucky, clever, that her appealing grey eyes have a strong bearing on her destiny. The secret of it all is, that she does not belong to that large, and very well-satisfied-with-themselves portion of the world, who, having eyes, use them not, ears and brains likewise.

Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner is awake very much so. You know that the minute she enters a room; you are still more sure of it when she trains the foresaid grey eyes upon you. You are likely to wonder about this time what you have been doing lately that is worth while, and to decide that possibly you might manage to rise half an hour earlier in the morning.

Mrs. Skinner works with her eyes, tongue, hands, feet, every bit of her that she can put in motion, and with it all, she is the healthiest, happiest, jolliest woman in the world! How she manages I cannot tell you. When you hear what she does, you cannot imagine anything but a bundle of nerves; when you look at her you wonder when she came back from the mountains last; and if you are a woman, you long to know who her



Winnipeg's Sunshine Dispenser

By May L. Armitage



Mrs. Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner

masseuse is; if you are a man—well we won't say what you think. I happen to know that the lady has not yet reached the sober age of thirty.

First of all, Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner is a newspaper woman, editing the Sunshine department and the woman's page of the Winnipeg Telegram. Secondly she is a law student, passing her first year exams this May, and taking 100 on "Williams on Real Property", if anyone happens to know what that is. This is about a fully grown person's everyday work, with a little over one would say, but it does not satisfy Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner. For instance, she has taken time, concurrently with her newspaper work, to teach the foreigners in the north end of Winnipeg. She has organized a series of campaigns on behalf of philanthropic institutions, and for the promotion of propaganda in the province of Manitoba. In 1912 she was appointed Dominion Government lecturer in Great Britain and Ireland, and, as a realization of her worldly ambitions, she owns and operates a farm bought with her savings at Strome, Alberta. In spite of all these claims on her time she is the most charming of hostesses in her own pretty home.

Draw a breath now and we will proceed to initiate you into the manner of the marvel, and you shall behold for yourselves what one woman with any amount of pluck and ambition can do. When Genevieve Lipsett was a little girl, she lived in the City of Toronto in the old Baldwin Mansion, across from the Duke street school, which she entered at the tender age of five years. She had pleaded to go to school for two years previous to this, for as she says herself, "I started out in life with a hungry mind, and I am just as eager to-day to master some new subject as I was then to learn to write." How readily her hungry mind grasps things is shown by the fact that four months after she had begun school, which brought the date to Christmas, she was able to write an aunt in Manitoba, describing and enumerating the gifts left by Santa Claus—and more

remarkable still—her aunt was able to read the letter.

How many great men have laid tribute at a mother's knee for all they have been and achieved! It is perhaps somewhat more unusual to hear a woman declaim along these lines; are they not a little more apt to accept their special qualifications as a gift direct from heaven? Not so with Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner. She says, "My mother has been the prime factor in whatever little success I have attained in life. She nursed me on ambition, and as soon as I could understand, she told me I was going to receive a good education and make my own way in the world. Every time I have arrived at one goal, she has set for me, my mother promptly marks out another one, a little harder to reach. She has a keen, alert mind, and has been my inseparable companion ever since I was born until the present moment. She is a handsome, well-set up woman today, as active as any woman of forty, Scotch-Canadian from dear old Bruce County, Ontario."

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner, like so many of the women who have accomplished things, had her taste of pioneering, for when she was eight years old, the family came to southern Manitoba, to her uncle's homestead. There she and her small brother attended the inevitable little red schoolhouse, tramping three miles back and forth with lunch pail, bottle of cold tea, and atlas, and often fighting for the possession of the same,—the lunch pail, not the atlas!

Continued on page 184

Robert Dollar

—who has spanned the gulf from cook boy in a Canadian lumber camp to owner of a line of steamships

By Frederic Robson

A FEW weeks ago a heavy-chested, silver-bearded Scotsman walked into the office of Hiram Robinson, an Ottawa lumberman. Mr. Robinson had since passed into his eighties, perched quizzically across the room.

"No," said the newcomer, shaking his head, "you don't remember me—not a chance in a hundred."

"Don't I?" challenged the old man, "you are Bob Dollar, and you started work with me as a cook boy."

The "Bob" Dollar of Hiram Robinson's recollection is to-day the Robert Dollar, President of the Dollar Steamship Company of San Francisco, operating upwards of twenty steamships

engaged in world trade. The Dollar Steamship Company is just the lumber camp cook-boy developed to the nth power of initiative. It is still an integral of the lumber industry, carrying cargoes of five-million feet of Pacific Coast timber in ten-thousand ton steamers to Oriental ports and bringing general merchandise homeward. Any week you may see a Dollar Steamship sweep majestically into a Pacific port and start disgorging its foreign cargo—iron ore and pig iron from China, oak timber from Japan, mahogany from the Philippine Islands. There are offices of the company in Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, Hongkong, Manila, Kobe, San Francisco, Seattle, New York and Petrograd. But this is getting along too fast. Let us look over that cookboy—

Sixteen years of age, he had risen to cook's assistant in a camp along the Gatineau. The life was not exactly a game of checkers for anyone mixed in it. Luckily, Bob Dollar at sixteen was no mewling apprentice at the timber trade. Just four years before that he had put in his twelve-hour-day, month in and month out, at a stave mill at Rideau Falls. At fourteen he was so at home in a lumber camp that he regularly signed articles each fall and stuck them through until the pay-off days of spring.

It was the middle of a crisp afternoon when the camp manager, Hiram Robinson, poked his head inside the cook shed. The chef himself was absent. But shinning close to an up-ended flour barrel sat a freckled-face lad, too busy to notice the intruder. The manager stepped closer. He saw a sheet of wrapping paper scrawled over with what seemed like the symbols of an alphabet and a multitude of numerals.

"What's this you're at?"

The cook-boy rumaged the paper into a bundle and got to his feet apologetically.

"I've finished my regular work," he said simply.

Because the manager did not burst into a temper the lad put back the paper on the barrel top. "When I get an hour off, Mr. Robinson, I like to learn."

"Learn what?"

"Read and write."

This was something new in cook boys. The manager took up the sheet



Robert Dollar

and scanned its queer contents. He said nothing, indulged in no prophetic heroics, but very properly quit the shanty.

That was a lucky contact for Bob Dollar, assistant to a backwoods cook. The manager took good care to clear the track of opportunity. The boy was given books and a bit of spare time. When he came to a stile too steep for his academic steps, someone was at hand to supply the boost.

The men who have taken the reins of big affairs in America have nearly all given boy-symptoms not unlike those of Robert Dollar. When he came to twenty-one years of age, the camp manager came to him and said: "You'll take one of the drives down the River Du Moine—with fifty men." For six years he played that role, a gamut of wild and resolute experience that has given to the world a dozen of its business giants. Dollar's drive was the first from the Du Moine district and was run over the Chaudiere Falls, the advance guard of many millions of logs to go by Ottawa City.

But the work grew stale and he turned westward—first to Bracebridge, Ontario, where he lumbered until 1880, getting out material for the English market. Finally, San Francisco—and that pegged down his westward bent for a good many years until he crossed the Pacific and invaded China and Japan and the Philippines.

On the Pacific Coast the accumulated

fortune of the Ontario experiences went unhesitatingly into timber. But timber needed transport; it needed a broader and steadier market. Accordingly Robert Dollar started the Dollar Steamship Company, building at first a cautious few-thousand-ton freighter, which by dint of its success drew him into tonnage unsurpassed in size except for a few of the passenger liners.

Some one asked in a company of friends what lifted Robert Dollar out of a cook shanty and set him down as an international transport genius and a multi-millionaire. And one who had known the same Dollar all his life

laid one palm upon the other and observed:

"The getting-on was the same old recipe—a good beginning. Robert Dollar studied honesty and faithfulness before he thought of studying arithmetic. The fierce discipline of the old-time lumber camp turned his natural self-reliance into whip cords. His resourcefulness was literally rubbed into him. At fifteen he had the character of a strong man of twenty-five. Why be surprised if at sixty he had travelled farther and done more than a pair of our everyday high-powered executives."

The Man Who Made The 53rd

Lieut.-Col. "Max" Dennistoun, who has been a leading factor in recruiting and organizing the 53rd O. S. Battalion

By T. Middleton Atwater



TO SEE and especially to hear Robert Maxwell Dennistoun on parade, you would unhesitatingly say that he had been a soldier all his life. In a measure you would be correct. Soldiering has been his hobby for many years, as his long service ribbon will testify. But his reputation in Winnipeg, and indeed through the Great West, to say nothing of the effects of that of an exceedingly astute counsel, who has worn for a long time, a witty after-dinner speaker, and one to whom the gods, as they but seldom do, have given a countenance capable of keeping absolutely immobile what once a weak-minded individual endeavors to delude himself into thinking that four diamonds and a heart have any commercial value in the face of say three cold knees aided and abetted by a pair of perfectly good deuces.

Max Dennistoun, as he is known to his friends, was born in Peterboro, so his biography tells you, in the year of grace 1864. Twenty-two years thereafter he commenced the practise of law and came West in 1907 where



Lieut.-Col. Robert Maxwell Dennistoun

he entered the old established law firm of Archibald, Machray & Sharpe. Last August the call of Empire came with unerring insistence to Max Dennistoun, K.C. In a moment gone were Halsbury and Pollock, and Blackstone, and as a Captain in the 34th Fort Garry Horse he set forth on the greatest case he has ever tackled. In the same regiment went with him two of his three sons. The Fort Garrys, from Colonel to lowest private, contained among the finest of the young blood of the prairie metropolis.

You will recollect that it was quite a while before the First Canadian Division was in shape to leave the mud of Salisbury for France. By the time it was ready, indeed some weeks before, it had become apparent that for immediate action cavalry units were not going to be needed. The Fort Garrys believed, however, that one of these days a call would come for mounted men, and so, though they had made up their minds to go as infantry if they absolutely had to, they kept on hoping that their horses would be given back to them, and to this end used means of which the mere civilian has no understanding. Finally, just before the division was in shape to go forward, the 34th were ordered to Canterbury, the big cavalry training depot in the south of England. Capt. Max Dennistoun had been an infantryman all his life in the ranks of, and as an officer of, the 57th Peterboro Rangers, and feeling that he would be out of place in a mounted corps at the front, asked for a transfer back to an infantry unit.

On arriving in Canada in March he found himself ordered to Prince Albert to recruit and organize the 53rd Infantry Battalion. How well he has succeeded may be judged from the fact that of all the troops inspected in Sewell by General Lessard, than whom, if one except His Royal Highness, once described as the finest soldier in Europe, no better officer lives in Canada to-day, the 53rd Infantry was declared emphatically to be the most efficient battalion in Military District Ten. And this after an inspection that lasted pretty much two full days and took in every angle of the game.

Beating swords into ploughshares has always seemed an occupation only to be done real justice to by Mr. Heath Robinson. The ancient tribesman, did he make a practise thereof, cannot have had to contend with the gumbo of the prairie, nor the willow root of the scrub land in which the 53rd first saw light. But there were times when it must have seemed child's play to Lt.-Col. Dennistoun compared to reversing the process and shaping those sturdy northmen into the machine-like body that is now capable of doing such hellish things with the modern fighter's sword, the bayonet.

Doubtless many other commanding officers have found the same thing. It is not all drill, grind and lecture. If it were, no one as human as the "Old Man" (as his boys affectionately call him) could have stood it. However, there were of course occasional lapsings from the strictly sober path—complaints even about food. Yet there soon grew to be an unswerving trust on the part of officer and man alike that any real grievance would be righted in short order, but that there was to be no damned nonsense about it. The effect of which was that "orderly room" got less and less.

They tell a story of a letter sent to the C. O. 53rd by a parson, asking that the Colonel would take a little spiritual interest in one of his men who had religious leanings. The answer is reported

to have been that the C. O. deeply regretted that the department hadn't seen fit to provide the battalion with a chaplain, and that so far as the writer was concerned, he was busy doing the best he knew to put the fear of the Lord into his men by means of the orderly room.

The result has been to develop quite a wonderful esprit-de-corps in Col. Denistoun's battalion. Wise judges have said that it is really a glorified sort of esprit-de-corps, namely the "regimental spirit," which has done so much toward winning the big battles for the British Army in days gone by. Old soldiers will tell you that the past deeds of a regiment will do more to spur it on than any belief in a just cause or hatred of the enemy.

Continued on page 168.

A Son of His Father

Lieut. Edmund C. Sheppard, Editor and General Manager of the Vancouver Morning Sun, shows speed during his twenty-five short years

By J. H. Welch

IN THE good old boom days of Vancouver, when numerous things were happening, including the starting of the "Morning Sun," one of the news-gatherers on that paper was a tall, slim young man who pounded his typewriter keys with a special snap and punch, which somehow seemed to remain with the words when they appeared the next morning. But he was the youngest reporter on the staff, and this fact cost him money. None of the other writers enjoyed a salary quite so modest.

A political campaign loomed up. The city editor viewed it with concern. He wondered how, with his small staff, he was going to cover adequately the nightly meetings. But there had been only one or two of them before he found the solution of his problem. It was the tall young reporter, whose name, by the way, was Sheppard. The czar of the city room discovered that Sheppard could cover three meetings, while most of the others were covering one, and, more than this, that Sheppard laid bare and "played up" with much zest and effectiveness all the big and little breaks and weak places in the proceedings of the opposition.

So the heft of the political reporting was gently but firmly placed upon the young man's willing shoulders, and he emerged from the rank and file to the status of a twinkling star reporter. After a while the "Sun" changed its spots to some extent, and lo and behold, Sheppard, only a few months before the youngest reporter with the littlest salary, was city editor. After another



Lieut. Edmund C. Sheppard

interval there were more changes in the "Sun" office, and Sheppard became managing editor. This position proved to be merely another stepping-stone for him. Hardly more than three years ago he was made to feel, especially on pay days, his humble state as the reporter of the fewest summers. Now, when a visitor enters the "Sun" building and asks for the editor-in-chief, he is shown into Mr. Sheppard's office. When the visitor asks for the general manager of the company, which publishes the "Saturday Sunset," as well as the "Sun," and has a big job printing department, he is shown into Mr.

Sheppard's office. The young man, whose full name is Edmund C. Sheppard, is now twenty-five.

A veteran newspaper man was talking the other day of Sheppard's rapid rise. "It's been one of the quickest records in the newspaper field," he said, "and it has not been due in any way to influence. An unusually strong storage battery of enthusiasm, or, as you say, Sheppard would put it, has been one of the big factors. And then Sheppard is one of the speediest men I know to extend a cheery welcome to a new idea. It's an off-day with him when you don't see the light of at least one new idea in his eyes. Another thing about Sheppard is that while he began in the editorial department, he has never been content to let this end absorb all his ideas of newspaper making. He has always been strong on suggestions for circulation and advertising and this is why he is not merely editor of the "Sun," but general manager as well.

"However, we mustn't give him too much credit. He had presented to the world at birth a lot of his special equipment for the newspaper game. He is a son of his father. His father is Edmund C. Sheppard, who is said to be a good many people to have been, in the prime of the best newspaper man Canada has ever produced. He put so much of his own into his work that he has retired at an age when plenty of men are still in the harness, but as founder and editor of the "Toronto Saturday Night" he stirred up so much excitement that those of us who used to work back then can still hear the ideas of it. Sheppard senior, wrote under the pen name of 'Don.' It was a name that caused considerable number of personages who were not without flaws in their public life to snort and breathe fire, like the dragon when St. George approached. This gives you an idea of what young Sheppard gets much of his 'pep'.

Sheppard had an interested audience one night when he sketched the manner in which he climbed over the ramparts to his first job on a newspaper. Desiring to learn at what he conceived to be the fountain-head of journalistic lore, he said good-bye to Toronto University without lingering to graduate and went down to New York, where he was lured by a friend that the sporting editor of a certain paper could use a young man versed in golf.

Sheppard had never played the game but he had observed golf links rather intently to know that they were nothing like cufflinks, so he called upon the sporting editor.

"What," inquired the latter, "would be your usual score, Mr. Sheppard, on an average course, say the one at Garden City?"

Having no idea whether one's usual

Continued on page 168

My Aunt Paulina's Woodbox

Continued from last month

By Gouvenuer Morris

SO I sat for some hours, reading, keeping a good fire going the while, for it was a spring night of black frost, and it was not until I had emptied the wood-box of all but brush and splinters that I bethought me of bed. And at that more from necessity than desire.

"I had finished my chapter, closed the book, and was turning over in my mind the matters of which I had read when there came a sudden distinct tapping upon one of the library windows—the one which opened on the little iron balcony that my papa had brought from France. I went at once to the window, drew aside the curtains, and found myself face to face with the Frenchman.

"It was bright moonlight, and I saw him very well. He was in a crouching attitude, hatless, and very pale. There were red stains on his white neck-cloth and his hands were bloody. Even so I was glad to see him once again. I opened the window, and when he had come in, closed it, and pushed the curtains to.

"You are not surprised to see me," he said.

"I knew that you were in the city," I said. "I saw you in the street."

"But you did not bow to me," he said.

"No," said I, "I didn't. And you know why. But now it's different. It seems that you are in a scrape." I looked at his hands. "An ugly scrape."

"I did not like to mention it," he said. "I am in terrible trouble. Otherwise I would not have broken my word to you, in presenting myself before you. Do you wish to know what I have done?"

"I shook my head. 'If I knew,' I said, 'my conscience might forbid me to help you.'

"I was really terribly agitated. His face, the sound of his voice, old memories of him, the being ill of which I was not wholly recovered—but I managed to keep an outward appearance of calm.

"I AM afraid," he said, with a deprecating smile, "that I shall be treated easily, and that they will insist upon searching the house. It is not easy to hide a man. If the trouble and invention are too much for you—" he moved a step toward the window, listened with his head cocked on one

side, then walked swiftly to the window, and inserted the right side of his head between the curtains. Then he came back, still smiling in a deprecating way.

"There is no doubt about it," he said, "they have turned in from the turnpike. What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to answer two questions," I said.

"He turned.

"What will they do to you?" I asked.

"If the law is stronger," he said, "I shall be tried and hanged. . . . If the mob, I shall be beaten to death whenever and wheresoever I am found."

"There was hardly a trace of agitation in his voice or manner. I could not but contrast his manner with that which might have been expected of your late great-uncle under similar circumstances. I asked my second question.

"You will forgive my bluntness," I said. "Is the crime which you have committed worse than murder?"

"For God's sake no," he said, "no."

"Now we could hear a great sound of feet on the front porch, and presently some one found the way to the great brass knocker—thump!—thump!—thump!

"I could have screamed piercingly. But I didn't. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, spread out his blood-stained hands, and drew his eyebrows very high on his forehead. It was a splendid piece of control, for he was trembling, too, the least thing in the world.

"You may be Satan," I said, "but you are a man."

"I HELD open the top of the woodbox, while he stepped in and lay down. There were a few spiders and molly-grubs in the bottom. But there was no opportunity to do more than notice them. 'For my sins,' said the Frenchman. He folded his hands upon his breast, smiled, and looked for all the world like a beautiful corpse suddenly come to life. I think I gave him back the smile. And then I closed the lid of the box.

"By this time the whole household was awake, what with the knocking on the house door, and the tramping of feet, and the voices on the porch. I found half the servants, half dressed, in the hall, and your great-uncle Peter at the head of the stair—not altogether a modest figure, I must say. He had on only a nightshirt and his red nightcap, a candle-stick in one hand (he had omitted to light the candle, and it was by the light of two or three that the servants had brought that I was able to see him at all), and his great horse pistol in the other. Seeing me



Illustrations by
Thomas Fogarty

up and dressed he took courage, and descended a step or two.

"What is the matter below there?" he said.

"I am about to find out," said I. And forthwith I unbolted the door and swung it open. The sheriff I knew by sight. He was supported by a number of officers in uniform, and by a small mob of bloodthirsty-looking riff-raff.

"MADAME," says the sheriff, "we have traced a criminal to this house. And we believe him to be hiding within it."

"Stars and garters!" says I, allowing my real agitation to show in my face. And a mighty relief it was, I can tell you. "Come in and find him," says I. "And be quick about it." Then seeing that the mob was endeavoring to follow the sheriff and his officers into the house, I stepped in front of them and waved them back, smiling. "Good heavens," I said, "don't all come in. The rest of you surround the house, and let no one pass out, at your peril. And be quick about it," I said. And I shut the door in their faces. "Peter," I said, "have ale and cold meat set out in the servant's dining room for these gentlemen; they will be thirsty and tired. I, sir," said I to the sheriff, "will be in the library if I am wanted for anything." And I indicated the library door, which I had left open on purpose. "Sam," I said—Sam was one of the house servants—fetch an armful of wood from the cellar. The wood-box is empty and my fire is low."

"Then I went back to the library, leaving the door wide open, took down a fresh book, a volume of Moll Flanders, for I felt myself too agitated to go on with Adam Smith, and sat down once more in front of the fire, or what remained of it. I had a maddening desire to open the wood-box to see if it still contained the Frenchman; and finally, after Sam had brought the wood and was gone, I yielded to it.

"HE questioned me with his eyebrows. And if ever a woman looked an injunction to be silent I looked one at him. Then I shut the lid and went back to my book. But I could not make even the pretense of reading. I felt that I must talk, make an uproar of some sort, or go mad. So what did I do but drag my harp out of the corner, and wheel it over near the wood-box, just above which was a bracket lamp. And I fetched my music-stand, and a double armful of sheet music. The latter I spread out upon the very cover of the wood-box; and then I sat down to the harp, and began to try over new songs and old. I remember I sang"—she broke off, and smiled at the recollection—"a

comical old thing"—she beat time with her hands and half sang, half recited, her voice quavering.

"A maiden said hush to her lover
Be silent, or me you'll annoy—
'I'll not speak, I'll not stir,'
Said her lover to her,
'I'll be dead if 'twill furnish you joy—'

"You've no idea," she broke off singing and said, "what a relief it was to make a noise. I've no recollection of most of the things I played and sang that night; I hadn't the next morning even. But I recall one." And she began to beat time again, and allowed a certain hint of tenderness to appear in her cynical, beautiful old face. As before, she half sang, half recited, as old people will:

"If beyond the gate,
Lurking in the snow,
Maidenhood were waiting
Would she bid me go?
Voices whisper in my heart,
No—no—no—"

"If beyond the world
She were called away,
She whom I would die for,
Would she bid me stay?
Voices whisper in my heart,
Nay—nay—nay—"

"If unreasoned things
I thought and set her free,
Could she be so mad—so mad
As to marry me?
Voices whisper in my heart,
Wait—and—see."

"I HAD finished that one, and was rummaging through the music on the wood-box for another when the sheriff tapped on the open door.

"Well," said I, jumping up, "have you found him?"

"No," said he. And then your Uncle Peter appeared, fully dressed, I was pleased to see.

"What were you doing up at so late an hour?" your great-uncle asked.

"Reading 'The Wealth of Nations,'" I said.

"He asked me if I had been in the library all the time. I thought a moment, as if wishing to be quite sure of my statement, and said 'yes.' Your great-uncle turned to the sheriff.

"You see," he said, "she has been in here the whole time. And furthermore," and he looked about the room, "there's not so much as a dark corner for a man to hide in."

"No," said the sheriff. He looked puzzled. Presently he walked, somewhat gingerly, to one of the windows. "Come out of that!" said he, and flung back the curtains. He repeated that performance at the other two windows. Then he came back, looking sheepish. "What is that?" he said—more I have always thought to cover his embarrassment than for any other reason. He was pointing straight at the wood-box.

My heart began to bump around in my body like a portmanteau falling downstairs. But I made the great effort of my lifetime, and said:

"That is a wood box."

"I don't wish to make trouble," said the sheriff, "but may I move this music just to satisfy myself?"

"I do myself well in hand again," and I said:

"Of course. But I looked in the box myself not twenty minutes ago. And I said to your great-uncle, 'but the door into the hall, Peter. There's a draught!'

"I HAD a little sewing table in the embrasure of the window by which the Frenchman had entered. In the lower drawer, there were two boxes, my paper, and I was loath to hear the heart-moving music from the wood-box, I locked the door myself at him—he was nearly home. And I hadn't a moment to lose. But I could think of nothing more. I looked out of the window. I don't know why. The night was very dark. I hid my head, and gave vent to the most terrible scream that my Christian soul ever uttered up to that time, and then I saw Nero. Then I threw out the window and sprang out onto the garden."

"That way," I repeated, "that way, you fool—through the hedge—help—help—murder—fire!"

Aunt Paulina held her lip with a sardonic and sphinxlike expression.

"I was just in time," she went on, "to prevent the sheriff opening the wood-box. He came running to the window."

"YOU saw some one?" said he. "Where?"

"My God!" I cried, he was here—here on this balcony. And I saw him, and screamed, he jumped. "Look! look! there's blood on this pane!"

"It must have been the pane upon which the Frenchman had tapped."

The sheriff didn't wait much time over the bloody finger mark.

"Which way did he go?" he asked.

"Into the garden hedge," said I. "Then I lost sight of him. It is so dark."

"Well," said the sheriff, "if he made this jump I can." He put his hand on the balcony railing and vaulted out into the night. But the ground was frozen and he broke his leg. "Served him right!" said my great-aunt Paulina once more licking her lips, "massing up my music and all!"

"But we had to bring him into the house, and send for the doctor, and it was three o'clock in the morning before your great-uncle and I could put out the lights in the library and go to bed. Of course any going to bed that I did

was but a part and parcel of still more play-acting. I knew that shortly after daylight Sam would begin to carry wood from the cellar to fill the library wood-box. And I was determined that whoever should eventually discover the Frenchman, it should not be a servant. So when the house was quiet I whisked out of bed and back to the library. It was pitch dark, but I had little difficulty in finding the wood-box.

"THE Frenchman was pretty sick, what with jeopardy and bad air. And it was the most I could do to get him up to the attic. I couldn't exactly carry him, and he couldn't exactly walk. But he revived in the attic; the air in that place would have revived a mummied Pharaoh of blessed memory. And he said: 'I have upset all your domestic arrangements; deprived you of sleep—'

"It will not be the first time," I said. "Here are buffalo robes. I advise you not to move about or you will be heard."

"Tell me," he said, "what inspiration caused you to scream when they were about to discover me?"

"And I told him, which was true, that the scream had been genuine despair, and the not knowing what to do; but that it had of itself inspired the rest."

"You are safe enough for the present," I said. "As for the future I will do what I can."

"But," said he, "you do not even ask me what I have done to be in these straits."

"That is because I do not wish to know."

"But," said he, "you will hear from others—and perhaps be inclined to withdraw your protection."

"Very well," said I, "what have you done?"

"I HAVE killed three old men and an old woman," said he, "in cold blood."

"Were they French people?" I asked.

"The three old men," said he, "served at one time in Sansterre's drum corps."

"And the old woman?" I asked.

"She was a shoemaker's wife," said he, and he shuddered.

"That being the case," said I, "I will

not withdraw my protection at this time."

"Thank you," he said, "you always understand."

"Yes—yes," said I, "when I have the facts I usually do understand."

"I protest," said he. "I beg you not to go into that—"

"Fortunately for me," I said, "I never did go into it—too deep." And I left him, all snugly nested in the buffalo robes."



"That way!" I screamed "that way, you fools through the hedge—help murder murder fire!"

AUNT PAULINA did not speak for some time. She appeared as one lost and groping in the mists of reminiscence. "I managed to keep him in the house," she finally went on, "until the spring thaw was over and the roads were in order. It would have been murder to have turned him away at any time. The whole countryside was in arms against him; every village to leave the country was searched. My own house was searched twice

more. The second time decided me."

"If," I said to your Uncle Peter, "my reputation is not good enough to prevent my neighbors from thinking me a harbinger of criminals, I will go somewhere else to live."

Your great-uncle laughed. He touched on the difficulty of uprooting so ancient a tree from the soil in which it had grown; he pointed out that such affairs were legion, and not to be wound up; that he himself was in a fair way to go into politics.

"If I say that I will go, Peter," I said, "I will go." In the event your great-uncle flew into a passion, and swore that I should not. But nothing came of that.

"WE moved West in two parties. In the first your great-uncle and your great-aunt Maria, with the children and the china. In the second myself, the Frenchman and the silver. The Frenchman traveled in the wood-box which I had pierced here and there with an auger. You may see the holes for yourself. It was a difficult piece oflegerdemain to keep all knowledge of him from the teamsters, servants and canal-boat hands. But I was a very capable manager in my day—as your great-uncle's public record proves."

"There happened to be a small vessel about to sail for South America, so I made arrangements with the captain, gave the Frenchman what money I could spare, and—let him go."

My great-aunt shut her jaws with a snap. And I knew by experience that it would be difficult to get anything further out of her. But I said: "Aunt Paulina, there are two points." I walked to the wood-box, opened the lid,

and looked in.

"Yes—yes," she said, "I remember. There were blood stains in the box. Isn't there also a nail sticking inward at the left end?"

"Yes," I said, "there is—the stump of one anyhow."

"I tore my arm on it," she said, "so that when Sam came to fill the box with wood, and to comment on the blood stains, I had an answer for him."

(Continued on page 18.)

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Then," said Jeffrey, "when you found out where she was and went to Beech Hill, it wasn't because Miss Meredith was there. But why had Irene gone to Beech Hill? Was it Miss Meredith that was with her? Or was it—Dr. Crow?"

"Both I think. Miss Meredith first and the money—that was the big thing, but the other was in it. That's why, at last—"

He broke off again, panting.

"You went to Beech Hill," said Jeffrey. "And you found Irene there. How did you do that? She was hidden."

Barton's eyes widened in a frightened stare. "How did you know that?" he demanded.

"She was hidden in the room where we found you to-night. Crow knew she was there, of course. Did Miss Meredith or any one know?"

"Miss Meredith saw her," said Barton slowly and breathlessly. "But she didn't know she was there."

"Saw her," I echoed, "but didn't know she was there?"

"Yes, yes," said Jeffrey. "That's what he means. That's it."

He glanced at Barton, expecting him to go on, but his eyes had dropped shut and his breathing was pretty faint. "Take a few minutes to rest," said Jeffrey. "There's lots of time."

Then he turned to Gwendolyn, Jack, and me. "Don't you see?" he said. "Aren't you beginning to get the pattern now? Most of Crow's story was true. The old lady had come back with the delusion that she had killed her niece. Crow found the photograph and explained the delusion, but he couldn't be sure the girl was dead. He never had any valid assurance, or he wouldn't have been so keen to find out whether I mightn't have seen her in Paris."

"But he did a clever thing, substi-

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house.

tuting the photograph. He must have thought then that he had all the cards in his hands. Exactly how the discovery came to him that he hadn't, I don't know. It's possible that the girl made a first attempt at recovering her own name and position and her rightful share—mind you, it was rightfully hers—of her aunt's property, by some perfectly direct and honest course. She may have written to Miss Meredith—may have attempted to see her, only to find all those attempts frustrated by Crow's watchfulness.

"That's pure guesswork. But then she hung out the lure we know about, and it worked. She got Miss Meredith to come to the Barton's just once, and once was enough. That brought Crow to his knees. He found her and made a bargain with her. Perhaps Barton's story will help us conjecture what the terms of that bargain were. Certainly there was a good basis for bargaining, because there was enough for both of them.

"Anyway, she was to come to Beech Hill—not as a living person, but as a ghost. She was to haunt that old woman, probably direct her actions with all the authority that visitors from the spirit world are supposed to possess, and she was to play into Crow's hands. The only thing I don't understand is how she quite dared to bargain with Crow. She knew he was dangerous."

"She dared anything," said Barton faintly, "and she was clever enough, too. You're right about what she did, but I don't see how you could find it out."

"How did you find it out?" said Jeffrey. "That is what I am curious about."

"I'll tell you what happened," he said. "I can go on now."

It was two or three minutes, though, before he did go on, and when he began to speak again he seemed to be hesitating—not like one who is invent-

ing, but like a witness, very careful for the truth.

"I traced her to Oldborough," he said, "and made sure she had gone to Beech Hill. I heard about the place from townspeople—how remote and lonely it was, and, of course, I knew that would make it harder for me to get a chance to see her and talk to her.

"But it seemed they had great trouble keeping servants. I am an experienced indoor servant myself. It was what I found out about smart people from being a butler that started me in the spiritualist business. So that seemed to be my chance. There were people who said that the old lady was crazy, but the general opinion seemed to be that she had her own way when Crow wasn't about.

"So I waited until he drove into town one day, apparently bound for the city, and then I went to Beech Hill and applied for a position as butler. Miss Meredith hired me, seemed mighty glad to get me. She told me to serve dinner that night in her sitting-room.

"She wasn't expecting Dr. Crow to come back, I am sure. He did come back, though, just before dinner-time. But he didn't see me, as I was in the pantry getting Miss Meredith's dinner ready to serve.

"I heard the car drive up, and I supposed it was him come back, but I didn't know for sure until I knocked on the door of Miss Meredith's upstairs sitting-room. And then I heard him talking to her. She called to me to come in, and I entered with the dinner.

"He started right out of his chair at the sight of me, turned his back towards her, and stood staring at me with the most devilish look I ever saw in a man's face. He asked me in a low sort of voice who I was and what I was doing there, though I think he knew the answer to both questions. I didn't say anything, and, as I expected, she answered.

"Oh," she said, "he's all right. He's the new butler I've engaged."

"Well," he said, "I will discharge him—now—at once. And the sooner you pack out of here the better it will be for you."

"Then he turned to Miss Meredith. 'It just happens, luckily enough,' he said, 'that I have seen this fellow before. I know who he is.'

"I don't care about keeping him," she said, "but I want somebody. I'm tired of being so badly waited upon."

"Then she turned to me. 'Serve my dinner, Barton,' she said, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"She was sitting at a center-table out in the room, with her back to one of the doors. The door was shut, I am sure. I turned away to put my tray

down on a side-table and then turned back ready to lay the cloth. I hadn't looked away for more than a few seconds; but when I turned back, there was Irene herself in the room. There hadn't been a sound and there wasn't any now, until Dr. Crow spoke. He wasn't paying any attention to Irene any more than if she hadn't been there. Miss Meredith didn't speak to her either—just sat perfectly still, looking at her in a queer, fixed sort of way.

"Crow said: 'I believe I'll dine with you here, if I may.' And then he turned to me and said: 'Go and attend to it, Barton. I'll serve Miss Meredith.'

"By that time Irene had walked around the table and sat down in the chair that Crow seemed to have meant to take himself. And then I heard Miss Meredith say, in a queer, dry-sounding voice:

"She's here again. She's sitting in that chair.' And she stretched out her arm and pointed at Irene.

"In that chair?" said Crow. 'Why, I'll sit in it myself and show you.' He moved again toward the chair where Irene was sitting, saying: 'There's no one here.'

"But before he could lay his hand on the chair-back Miss Meredith screamed. 'Don't touch her,' she said. 'Don't touch her.'

"And Crow, in a soothing sort of way, as though he were just humoring her, said: 'All right. Perhaps she'll go away in a minute.'

"Of course I saw their game in a minute—what they were trying to do with her, and why Crow was so anxious to get rid of me. What I didn't see was why Irene should have come in like that when she knew I was there. But I caught a look that Crow shot at her when he was where Miss Meredith couldn't see his face, and it was perfectly murderous. And then I knew! She had taken me in on it, to give her a hold against Crow. She was afraid of him.

"The hold worked all right. Crow came to me as soon as I had gone down-stairs. He didn't palaver or make any excuse. He simply said that it would be as much as my life was worth to try to break up the game, and that it would be to my advantage if I played it. Of course he didn't want me to go, now that I had found out what the game was.

"I wasn't afraid of him really, and I didn't want the money he offered me, but I did want Irene. I wanted to stay there where I could be a protection to her. I wanted to see her—talk to her. I had a sort of hope that perhaps I could get her to leave the place and come away with me, although I knew in my heart that that was just part of my folly. But I could get no chance to talk to her.

"I saw her nearly every day, but it was always the same as that first time. She'd appear—sometimes in the evening, sometimes in broad day—generally in Miss Meredith's sitting-room. Crow and I would pretend she wasn't there—walk around her, as if she didn't exist. And often the old lady would pretend not to see her, too, and never say a word. Irene would come in for a minute and then disappear again.

"I didn't like the game, but what I liked still less, was Crow's looks. Crow—Crow was beginning to go mad himself, just as I had done. It got so that he couldn't help looking at Irene himself, even when he was pretending she wasn't there. I could tell by her face, too, that she knew what was happening to him. More than that, that she was doing it herself. Oh, I knew her! And I finally made up my mind that I'd find her at any risk and put an end to the game one way or another.

"I did find her. I had been watching Crow. I knew his habits pretty well—knew when he was in his rooms in the east wing of the house and when he wasn't. Finally, one day I let myself into his study with a pass-key. I spent more than an hour there, and I found some queer things among his papers, too, though I didn't care so much about them then. But all at once I heard a sound of some one coming—not by the corridor.

"I made for the corridor door and had just got it open, but hadn't had time to get outside, when the door of his boot-closet opened and Crow stepped out. It was a tiny little closet, and I was sure he hadn't been there all the time I was in his room. Besides, I had heard him coming. So I thought I knew the way to find Irene.

"I made some excuse to Crow about Miss Meredith having told me to find him and about his door being unlocked. I knew very well he didn't believe it, but I didn't care. He didn't seem to care much either about my trespassing, for he started out to find Miss Meredith.

"I pretended to go away, too, but I was back in ten seconds and into his room and into the boot-closet, and there I found a passage that ended at last in the room where Irene was."

We had to give him another few minutes' rest after that. I didn't wonder at the horror I had seen in his face. If he could remember things like that, whose mere recital made my blood run cold!

Finally Jeffrey prompted him. "You found her in the long room. She wasn't dressed—at least not completely. She was sitting on the low stool in front of her dressing-table, looking into her mirror. It was a stormy night, and there was a roar of

rain on the skylight that kept her from hearing you."

We were all staring at him, and I think all our hearts stopped beating for a second when Barton, with a thoughtful nod, said simply, "Yes, it was like that."

"How was she dressed, exactly?" Jeffrey asked.

"When I came in? She was all dressed except the gown."

"The white satin gown?"

"Yes. That's what she always wore when she appeared to Miss Meredith."

"She was getting ready for another appearance, then?"

"Yes."

"How could you be sure, if she hadn't on the gown?"

"She had her face made up very pale and she was doing her hair the way she always wore it at those times. The way it was in the photograph and in the portrait."

"You stood and watched her for a while. Then what did you do?"

"I saw her revolver, a little silver-mounted revolver, lying on the dressing-table beside her. I guess she always had it within reach those days. She hadn't heard me or seen me yet, so I stepped over quickly and picked it up. I don't know whether that frightened her or not, but she didn't show any sign of it—just looked around at me with that queer little smile of hers and said:

"What do you want with that revolver?"

"I said, 'I'm not going to hurt you with it'—and before God, I meant that then. I said, 'I'm just going to have a little talk with you, and I thought we'd leave revolvers out of it. I've got one of my own.' And I pulled it out of my pocket as I said that. It was a big automatic."

"What caliber?" asked Jeffrey.

"Thirty-eight," said Barton. "I laid the two down side by side on the chiffonier and then, to have them out of my reach, as well as hers, I went back to the door. She paid no more attention to me than if I hadn't been there—went on fixing her hair and began humming a little tune. Not very loud, but not so very softly either, in a kind of high, carrying voice. The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the sound of that little French tune filled my ears."

"Stop it," I said, "and listen to me."

"She stopped goodhumoredly enough, looked around at me, and smiled with her eyebrows up. 'Well, big silly,' she asked, 'what do you want to say?'

"I want you to quit this game," I said. "I want you to get out of here—with me. Put on your own dress

instead of that satin thing and come away."

"Without a single farewell appearance?" she mocked. "That wouldn't be polite. I'll go after that," she said. "Once more, and I'll be through. The game will be played, my good Barton—played and finished to-night."

"Something about her mocking smile maddened me. 'It's finished now,' I said. 'I haven't come here to be made a fool of. I've come to take you away, and you're coming with me. Put on your dress.'

"Still she showed no sign of anger. She went on smiling. 'You're very unreasonable,' she said, 'but you're very big. I'll go with you now, if you want me to. What does Dr. Crow matter?'

"I tell you I suspected her then. I knew in my mind she was tricking me, and yet I wouldn't believe it."

"She held out her hand to me. 'Come here,' she said."

"I would no more have kept away from her than a bird could keep away from a snake. I started over toward her. She began humming her tune again. Somehow that warned me. I stood still and listened—not to the tune, but for something else, and I heard it behind me—just a faint creak of something."

"I went back all in one jump, catching up one of the revolvers off the chiffonier as I did so, and I got back to the door just in time to feel it pushing open. I put my weight against it and held it."

"She didn't know I had felt the door opening, so she kept up the bluff. 'You're easily frightened for so big a man,' she said. 'What did you think I was going to do to you?' and she took up the tune again."

"Somehow that made me see red. I knew she'd have let me be killed with no more pity than one might feel for a rat in a trap."

"I know what I'm going to do to you," I said, and I fired. And then all the strength went out of me and I leaned back against the door and watched her."

"She gave a little sob of pain and then slipped down quite slowly from the stool to the floor. I'd never seen any one die before. I can see her now as she lay there on the floor—her hand over her heart where I had shot her."

"Was there much blood?" asked Jeffrey.

Barton shook his head. "She had her hand clasped over the wound, I tell you. She was all white—white as marble."

"Which hand?" asked Jeffrey.

"Which hand was over the wound?"

It seemed a trivial question to ask, and Barton seemed a little perplexed

by it. "The left," he said presently.

"Yes, the left—of course."

"What did you do then?" Jeffrey asked.

"I tried to get out the door behind me, but I couldn't open it. There was no latch on the inside. So I had to go out the other door. I had to creep over her where she lay. I don't remember much after that. There was a queer curved passage around what looked like a tomb, and then rooms—the ordinary rooms of the house. I don't remember where I went."

"What did you do with your revolver?" asked Jeffrey.

"I don't know."

"Which revolver was it you shot her with?"

"I don't know. I saw red. I tell you. I didn't know what I was doing. I remember meeting one of the servants in a corridor. She screamed at the sight of me, but I pointed my revolver at her and told her to be still. And then, somehow, I found myself outdoors—out in the dark, and I began running. Then there was a crash and everything went out. I suppose I must have run into a tree."

"I don't know how long I lay unconscious. The next thing I knew I was back in that room—that horrible room. It was daylight and the house was quite still. There was a terrible throbbing pain in my head. I was lying huddled up in a corner of the room on the floor, and the first thing I did was to look to see if Irene's body was lying there too. But it wasn't. And then I saw her lying on the bed, dressed in her white satin gown, the body laid out quite straight and the hands crossed on the breast."

"I got up and went over to her. I couldn't keep away. There was a slip of paper lying there between her hands with just a line written on it. I said, 'Dispose of your work and you won't be followed.'"

"Did you know the handwriting?" Jeffrey asked.

"It wasn't handwriting. It had been written on a typewriter."

Somehow, in all that narrative of horror, that one fact stands out the truest of all—the figure of a man clicking off that message on a typewriter."

"I stayed there all day," Barton went on "without hearing a single sound. Toward dark I went out and looked about the house. It was empty. Crow, Miss Meredith, even the servants were gone."

"There wasn't any question in my mind of what I had to do. I must take the body to the river. When it had got fully dark, I did it."

"Did you carry the body all the way?" asked Jeffrey.

To be continued



SHALL IT BE PEACE?

"A nature such as mine needed some great sin to awaken it to repentance and the need of penance."—Ingebjorg in *The Pretenders*.

THERE is no night in heaven. Once in a century the First Archangel grows tired of the sacred high eternal noon, and he wings his great way out into the still darkness that laps chillily against the bottom of heaven's wall and stretches forever and ever into the ocean of infinity.

A million nares is nothing to him. His clock ticks centuries. His wing-beat sheds star distances. His memory drops back to Tyre and slips forward into the thoughts of the unborn.

One thing alone his eyes have never fathomed because it is unfathomable. That is the heart of God. It is as great a mystery to the First Archangel after milleniums of time as it is to the newest baby crying in the night.

The First Archangel sat on the steps of a burnt out world and gazed at its endlessness. There were the far lights of the Milky Way, soft pearls set against the black plush dark. But farther still, unrecognizable save to eyes eternal-young, grown old with aging, there was a tiny pinpoint of light that seemed to focus all his thought.

"For a world—poor world!" and the angel's eyes were deep with pity. A New Year comes—what will He do with the world for New Year's Day?

Even as he spoke the dark was pierced with a burst of great wings and the Youngest Angel dropped to the ground.

"You, then?" said the Youngest Angel, "all in heaven are looking upon the earth. And wondering. Tell me, what do you think? Will He give them Peace this year?"

The First Archangel shook his head. Nay, nay, that were a cruelty. They have not earned it."

"Not earned it? The struggle—the blood—the women slain—the little

children tortured!" the Youngest Angel cried to him. "How could they earn it, think you Gabriel?"

"God knows."

"Then if He gives not Peace," the Youngest Angel said at last, "Will it be one red sleep for all? They cannot fight much longer—can they, Gabriel?"

"God knows."

The long December night dropped deep over the trenches. But the sentries waked, and walked, and watched. In the munition factories the lights flared high. Men worked with starting eyes, nigh dead from weariness. Great airships fanned the dark above the cowering towns that dared not sleep. Behind drawn blinds the diplomats were busy over tumbled piles of papers.

Only in the churches there was no one, or, if perchance some few still lingered below the great stained-glass Christ that filled the window, it was to mourn their dead.

"God stands upon the steps of Paradise, waiting," said the First Archangel sadly. "But they do not call."

"Oh let me fly and tell them!" cried the Youngest Angel, "so shall the red earth cool."

"Nay, they have sinned. The call must rise in their hearts, not in thine. They must repent."

"Repent?" the Youngest Angel whispered. "Gabriel, what is that?"

The great Archangel could not say, "They wander, those on earth," he thought, "they run at will. They fall. Bruised, they lift up their eyes, remembering God. God loves them best, I think. He died for them," not then.

"And will He give them this so-strange repentance, Gabriel?" the Youngest Angel's face was awed, "think you He will give it them this New Year's tide?"

"Ay," said the other smiling, "already it is given to some. It only comes through pain. And pain, through sin. That is the mystery of the universe. No heart can know it but the heart of God."

THE FUNNY BEAST.

YOU wouldn't think it to look at her. But she's a Funny Beast. Ted says so. He's Hilda's two-years-older brother, so of course, being seventeen and a freshman, he knows.

The trouble is her hair—or rather, that's the trouble-indicator. One day it's down, and the black bow is skew-gee from basketball. That's the day she tears her new blue skirt with a jagged slit to match her Charlie Chaplinesque language, and gets into hot water over the practising she honest-Anglican meant to do.

Next day you could look under the rugs and behind the wall-paper and you wouldn't find that Hilda anywhere.

The new one has a vanity case—you send 13 cents in stamps but it's sterling, see there on the edge—and she certainly uses it to plusperfection. She wears a narrow velvet band over her classic locks and her rosebud lips can almost say that "Re-al-ly!" in the Londonese that her soul so desires.

On Saturday morning Hilda No. 1 drops out of bed and into one racket after another all day. Whereas on Sunday a brand new Hilda No. 3 wings her way into a hushed household.

This Hilda ought to be called Joan of Arc Atyourservice, of Frances Willard Onthejob. She parts her hair over a high and blueveined brow; she has so meek, so chastened an expression that you instantly yearn to hit her.

Ted likes Hilda No. 1—she's a sport. The other two are the unpardonable twins—vanity and hypocrisy. As for the Dark Adventuress with her hair on a level with the bridge of her nose—aftermath of Beverly In-Vain at the Lyric (5 reels)—she's a scream.

Dad thinks ditto on all counts. When he thinks at all out of office hours.

Yes, Hilda is a Funny Beast. Or, as her music teacher less picturesquely puts it, she's a "difficult child."

And yet, come to think of it, it's just like measles, mumps, first-love or homesickness. All the Hildas get it one way or another. And it's called Growing!

Heaven's, but it's a hard disease, this growing up! Even Mack feels the pull of it when he changes from a puppy with sixteen paws and three teeth into a watch dog with a collar. You can't just tell what a growing-up-er is going to turn out to be. Even you can't, calmly watching on the outside. And how can you expect poor little movie-actress Hilda to know, feverishly pulling on and off characters, and turning over new leaves, and sneaking back to old ones?

Hilda has discovered some shattering things lately.

One of them is her dimple.

Another is Religion—not the "Now I lay me" kind, but volunteering for the mission field, and dying for your country at the Front, and running away to join the Salvation Army.

She has also discovered Clothes—and that alone is enough to keep any woman gasping for a month.

But her biggest discovery of course is Boys. Not the sort you play with and maybe give 'em one in the eye if they don't play fair. But the other kind that—oh *you* know—long trousers and pompadours, notes and smiles and sharpening your pencils, and even taking you to the Show on some delirious Saturday afternoon if the family 'll only see reason. Think of it—Hilda's discovered what the world's all about, the embryonic impulse that put creation on the swing (only she doesn't know it by its name), and mother, father, Ted and the teachers expect her to be just like Anne, who's eleven and Dutch-cut!

Hilda needs a lot of watching these days, and mighty little meddling. She needs praying for, not preaching at. And trimming her a hat, with love stitched into the crown of it, is a hang sight better investment than reading her a lecture.

Above all she requires that her elders shall do a little remembering, a little road-to-yesterdaying, all in the back of their minds.

They'll return with a bunch of forgetmenots and a crooked little smile—a sad little, crooked little smile. Hilda is a Funny Beast. So were we, so were we. The world looks very big and very noble and wonderful and worth-while and sure-to-win-in, as Hilda experiments with being a Society Leader, or the Navy Blue Corporal selling *War Cries*.

Yes, and the world looked big and wonderful and sure-to-win-in a good many years before there was any Hilda. It looked that way to brown eyes, as well as blue. The brown were ours.

They've cried since then, those eyes; they've smiled when they shouldn't; they've stared cynically perhaps when they ought to have softened. They've a good deal to repent of, one way and another, since the wonder-world time—

And as for all those roseate visions of success and sainthood—

Poor Hilda Funny-Beast, dear kiddie Hilda!

CHAMPLAIN

QUEBEC is a city that sprouts monuments in every square. Its whole soil, from Citadel Hill to Sous le Cap, is fifty feet deep in history, and monuments are the natural crop. If the soil were Anglo-Saxon straight, this mightn't be so, but French-Canadian loam, like that to the south of the Boundary Line, has a sort of spontan-

eous and charming theatricality of emotionalism about it.

But the monument builders it seems to me made one mistake, and that was with Champlain. He's a hero of mine, that debonair adventurer with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, equally loved and used weapons.

Champlain would never have carried the poor old Stadacona chiefs to Paris as Jacques Cartier did. Champlain would never have looked at the Hill of High Hope, and then gone back hull down, to the east. Champlain planted the cross. Then he took a trowel from under his velvet cloak and he planted flowers. He sent over the grey Atlantic for his gay little brave little lady, and he built a house hard by the flower garden for love of her.

Yes. He was a home-man. But there was ever the far look in his eyes. The mighty river came down and down—from whence? The sighing woods stretched back and back—how far? The blue-blue skies of New France went up and up to God.

To explore—to know more and more—to preach farther and farther and to stranger tribes and stranger still—that was what had driven Champlain across the leagues of grey water.

And then the monument builders, the sleek now-a-days people—they gave him to us, courteously, with his hat off, gazing at the east wing of the Chateau Frontenac, as though he'd just rung for tea!

They wanted him to look down over Quebec perhaps, to see the prosperous and steep-lying town, the charming wonder-built town that had grown from his garden. But didn't they know he'd have left it, when it was builded and safe, and gone north, or west, or—that's it—*east again*!

Don't you see him facing Franceward? All that he loved is threatened on the torn hills and in the smoke-dimmed valleys of his native land. He would be looking eastward for the grey transports to come stealing up-river in the dawn—he would be donning the stiff khaki and a trim service cap in place of his plumes.

Turn him round, you monument builders. Face him to France!

The Man Who Made The 53rd

Continued from page 160.

One wonders whether it is so with the new Kitchener armies. Does the 'steenth battalion of the 1st Loyal North Berkshires remember Oudenarde or Maiwand? This much is certain that the new battalions of Canada's

army are going into action determined to hold up the name of their unit, the reputation of their C. O., and the pride of their home towns in their sons who have gone forth to do their bit. So that the particular driving force which decided that no more battalions were to go to the front as units, but that only drafts would be sent, did in that moment more harm to the spirit of the men already in training and more harm to recruiting than it could have accomplished in any other way. After all, it must be a bit trying to have to go into a charge alongside of men one hasn't seen before and under officers who know not whence one comes, nor what one can do.

It is stated that this method is going to be changed. It is to be hoped so by all who have the interests of Canada at heart, and who wish to see her properly represented in the firing line. Especially so is this the fact in the case of commanding officers, and at this writing no officer can be called to mind in this country whose lawyers, bankers, homesteaders, and lumberjacks will follow him into the hottest action, more readily than the 53rd Overseas Battalion will follow its Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. R. Max Dennistoun.

A Son of His Father

Continued from page 160

score ought to be twenty or two hundred. Sheppard made haste to at wit that he would hardly like to say never having seen the Garden City links. This apparently impressed the club as the caution of a good golfer, and he volunteered the information, with some pride, that he usually made the round in about eighty-four. Sheppard heartily commended this score, and having gathered that skill at golf is indicated by few instead of many strokes, he modestly remarked that he doubted if he could go around in less than ninety-six. He was engaged and sent that afternoon to report a tournament at Atlantic City. On the way to the train he bought a book on golf. At the club house on the Atlantic City course the expert writers eyed him coldly, as an interloper, but he fortunately fell in with a University of Toronto man who was playing. To the latter he unbosomed himself, and that night telegraphed to his paper a long report based upon the information supplied by his fellow Canadian, and bristling with technicalities from the book. Most of the report was printed, and thus Sheppard took his place among the expert chroniclers. He kept it for a year, then returned to the newspaper fold in his native land.

Canada's Second Winter of the War

Continued from page 139

owned the most uniformly flourishing country under the sun. The year 1914 was our record trade year showing an increase over 1913 of \$41,480,276. We were getting ready to compete with the world not only in crop-raising but in manufactures and exports, the latter having increased 21.8 per cent. in a twelvemonth. Factories and plants of all kinds were springing up in every province, and enterprising capitalists from the States and from overseas were arriving at frequent intervals bringing new industries with them and lengthy pay-rolls. We had crossed the threshold of a business progression that promised never-ending good times.

When the shadow of the war is lifted, big business will return. Devastated Europe, when the smoke clears away, will remember the limitless resources of our untapped hinterland, and the old stream of immigration will flow again in vaster volume than in 1912-13, when nearly half a million people came here to grow up with the country.

Canada, which is almost as large as Europe, is as big as 18 Germanies, and only a fraction of her tillable land has been touched as yet. Her advantages include every thing most desired by the migrating millions of all nations.

When the factories in our midst now making shells and motor trucks and other equipment for the battle front, are needed no more by the war department, we shall resume our trade and manufacturing activities of 1913-14 on a bigger scale than ever. We have only been interrupted in our multifarious enterprises by the Kaiser's schemes of aggression. After we have had a settlement with Teuton and Turk that will make militarism hated by humanity for many generations to come, we shall return to our wholesome pursuits of development and expansion.

Canada still leads the world as a Land of Promise. We are fighting to day to guarantee for our children's children that this shall also continue to be a Land of Liberty in which the manhood and womanhood of the future shall enjoy equal chances to seek and fulfil ambition's golden objective Opportunity!

Alienating Mr. Armstrong

Continued from page 142.

country, Tina, I am, truly," he said bashfully. "I've had such bully times in it. And I—I rather had the idea that we liked the same things."



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"Gracious!" the young lady murmured, "after the arguments we've had over plays and actors!"

"Oh, well, I suppose girls are all alike. But I mean other things——"

"Where did you do the Pirates?" Brother inquired politely.

"What? Where did I—oh, to be sure," he returned good-naturedly. "We had an enormous cellar, all full of pillars, to hold it up, and queer little rooms and compartments in it; a milk room and vegetable bins and a workshop. You could ride on a wheel all round, dodging the pillars. Cracky, but it was a corking place for a rainy

Saturday! There were all kinds of places to lie in wait there, and spring out. Win told us an awful thing out of Poe that happened in a cellar and Thea would never go there after four in the afternoon.

"It was a jolly old place," he went on dreamily, "I can't keep my mind off it this afternoon, somehow, since I've seen you fellows rigged out the way we used to. And there was a pond back in the Christmas Tree Lot like this one. Ridge and I built a raft out there and stayed all day on it. It was some thing out of one of Clark Russell's books, and Win pushed a barrel out



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must be grand there, I think. One of them, a regular swell, too—she thinks nothing of a hundred and fifty for a dress"—a faint stamp and a squeal of anguish—"told her that property was going up like everything around there. You could probably"—a determined little jump—"sell your old place and buy a nice house right in Lenox."

The young man sat up suddenly. "Sell the place!" he repeated, "sell the place!"

He had been watching her pretty, vexed contortions with lazy pleasure, noticing through rings of cigarette smoke her dainty ankles, white through the mesh of the thin silk stocking, her straight slim back, and the clear flush that deepened her eyes. But now his face changed, and he stared at her in frank irritation.

"Sell the place!" echoed Brother and Miss Honey in horror, and Caroline's lower lip pushed out scornfully.

The lady stamped again, but not wholly as a therapeutic measure.

"Well, really!" she cried, "anyone would think that these children were your friends, and I was the stranger, from the way you all talk. What is the matter with you, anyway? What are you quarreling about, Rob?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, appraisingly.

"I don't think we're quarreling, Tina," he said, "it's only that we look at things differently. And—and looking at things in the same way rather makes people friends, you know."

HE glanced down at the children, close about him now, and then over appealingly at her. But she had moved to a rock a little away from them and now sat on it, her face turned toward the road, leaning on her pale pink parasol; she did not catch the glance.

"What became of the Babe?" Caroline suggested suddenly.

"Babe? She's—her name's Margaret—at school now. She's growing awfully pretty."

"And is she going back to live at the place, too?" queried the young lady sharply.

"Babe's going to capture a corporation or a trust or something, and have oceans of money and build on a wing and a conservatory and make Italian gardens, I believe," he answered, pleasantly enough.

"But I'd just as soon she left the gardens alone," he went on, "the rest of us like 'em the way they are. There was one separate one on the west side just for Uncle Robert's chrysanthemums. He used to work all the morning there and then read in the afternoon. He'd sit on the side porch with his pipe and Donald—he was a old collic and he did tell the bluest



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yarns. He helped us with lessons, too. I don't know what we'd have done without Uncle Rob. Father was so busy—he had a big country practice and he used to get terribly tired—and we went to Uncle Rob for everything. He got us out of more scrapes, Ridge and me.

THERE were tiger lilies in the south garden and lots of clumps of peonies. Grandmother put these there. And fennel and mint. Mother used to like dahlias—it seems as if she



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must have had a quarter of a mile of d hias, but of course she didn't all over. That garden ran right up against the house and directly next to the bricks was a row of white geraniums. The looked awfully well against the red. It's a brick house and the date is brick over the door. 1840. Of course it been removed ten years now, but we have our name stored in the air and the people careful and—well, they love the place, you know, and they keep the gardens. They wanted to know who father died and again after mother.

"But Ridge and I got married and leased it for a year to him. We always hoped to get it back. And now to think that I should be the one to let it!"

"How are you the one?" But she inquired pretty day.

"Why, Uncle Wesley, that was my father to see—I used to have him come over the kitchen and talk to me. I'd climb down the fence and he'd be hid, and run away. I used to see Wesley died in England, last year, and left me considerably more than I ever have made. I had to go to my mother and studied to be a nurse. It seems Uncle Ridge knew where he was all the time, and wrote him, before he was sick himself, to leave the house to the family, and by George, he did."

"Lots of the old stuff is on the sideboard and the library table. My grandfather's old desk mother kept the preserves in."

"I used to lie on an old sofa in the dining-room all hot afternoons, waiting for it to get cool, reading my travel-book, eating summer-apples, listening to Wm. and Therese playing duets in the parlor. Lord, I can hear 'em now! I'd look out at the brick walls, hot, you know, in the sun, and the pear tree, with the nurse sitting Babe under it, and old Annie hanging by the kitchen door, and I'd seem so comfortable—"

HIS eyes were half closed. The children listened dreamily, huddled against him, low red rays crept down from the west-bound sun and struck the little pond to copper, the nickel dishes to silver, the lady's skirt to a peach-colored glory. A little sudden breeze set the red bottle tinkling between the stones. But to the group entranced with memories so vivid that reality blurred before them, the peach and copper glories were like fruit against an old brick wall, the tinkle echoed from an old piano in a dim, green-shuttered parlor, and the soft snoring of the General, asleep on the silk motor coat, was the drowsy breathing of a contented little fellow in knickerbockers dreaming in a window seat.

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"Did you ever go to Atlantic City?" The lady's voice woke them as a gong wakes a sleeper. "Now, that's my idea of the country!"

He stared at her vaguely.

"But—but that's no place for children," he protested. He had hardly grown up at that moment himself.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It's not exactly necessary to have six children, you know," she said, "and then you needn't be worried over a place for them, and can afford to think a little about the place you'd like for yourself."

THE sun was in her eyes and she missed the look in his as he jumped up from the astonished group and seized her wrist.

"Christine, you simply shan't talk that way!" he said. "I don't know what's the matter with you to-day—why are you so different? Are you trying to tease me? Because I might as well tell you right now that you're succeeding a little too well."

The pink parasol dropped between them. Her eyes met his squarely, though her voice shook a little.

"Let my wrist go, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "you hurt me. I assure you I'm not different at all. If you really want to know what the matter with me is, let me ask you if you saw anything out of the way before your friends there interfered?" she pointed to the little group he had left. "We seemed to be getting on very well, then."

His face fell, and she went on more quickly and with less controlled tones.

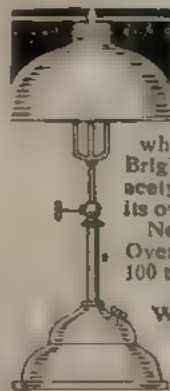
"You are the one that is different! I have always been just the same—just exactly the same! Ask anybody if I've changed—ask Auntie! 'Tina has the best temper of any girl I know', Auntie always says. But it's just as she warned me. Auntie always knows—she's seen lots and lots of people and plenty of swells, too—it isn't as if you were the only one, Mr. Armstrong!"

He looked curiously at the flushed, lovely face: curiously, as though he had never really studied it before.

Perhaps—perhaps it is I," he said slowly, "I—maybe you're right. And of course I know—" he smiled oddly at the pretty picture she made—"that I'm not the only one."

Something in his tone irritated her; she unfurled the rosy parasol angrily.

Auntie said from the beginning you'd be hard to get on with," she flashed out. "She said the second time you came to the house with Mr. Walbridge for his sister's fitting and asked Kitty and I for a ride in the machine. 'I'm perfectly willing you girls should go, for they're both all right and I think the dark one's serious, but —'"



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"You discussed me with your aunt, then?"

She looked at him in amazement.

"DISCUSSED you with Auntie?" Why, certainly I did. Why shouldn't I? How do you suppose I'm to get anywhere, placed as I am, Mr. Armstrong, unless I'm pretty careful? I've nothing but my looks—I know that perfectly well—and I can't afford to make any mistakes. And Auntie said, 'I think the dark one's serious, Tina, but I don't know, somehow, I'd keep in with Walbridge. He may not have so much money, but he'll be easier to manage. Armstrong seems like any other gay young fellow, and for all I know he is—he's certainly generous—but I'd rather have you Mrs. Walter Walbridge and lose the family custom, than have you tied up to an obstinate man.'"

"And—excuse me, but I'm really inter—" he asked, "could you be Mrs. Walter Walbridge?"

smashed away, whose cheeks were hollowed by the storms of the centuries. In the mist she took on gigantic proportions. The peasant flung herself at those toeless feet, shoving her frozen hands into her breast, gawking up at the plump face of the officer above her. He looked more like a parrot about to squawk than ever. But the soldiers passed him blythely by. They were almost home, almost in sight of fire and dry clothes after this bitter day. Seeing their relief he smiled grimly.

As the last soldier stepped from the bridge a roar, deep and menacing, thundered from the further bank. Through the spray the river leaped. There followed the groan of crumbling masonry—the long-drawn growl of water swallowing at its prey. For a moment all was confusion—up-dashed foam—reverberating vapor—then the spume drifted away. The first arch of the bridge had vanished; the waves tore through the black gap it had left; the river was garlanded with white. In the distance the guns still barked.

The woman gleamed exultant, standing tall and stern before the smashed goddess.

"What's this?" the General leaped from his horse to grab her by the arm, "what's this?—what's this?"

"It was better a woman be lost than a man—France has too few men; so I came. We've followed you since morning, knowing you were lost."

"Lost?—lost?—what are you prating about?"

"You will shoot me now—well, shoot!" she was speaking in French with a respectable accent enough. "My son is the Captain of the band and demanded to lead you here—yonder city is Epernay; Epernay, not Rheims, Epernay with eighty thousand French soldiers inside her walls—but you would suspect a woman less. And you didn't suspect a woman, a stupid coward of a peasant woman. Then I had things against you; for you've killed all my other sons, you Germans, six boys—tall, gallant lads—all dead, dead in battle from your German guns. So I—"

"—trapped me," finished the General furious at his own gullibility. "You'll pay the price."

"I'm not afraid—I wasn't up yonder; but I had to wait for the signal, so I played coward."

"The signal was a donkey's bray?" this was the Captain, speaking in his harsh, prim, official voice.

Yes. It portended evil—you were right. I led you straight to Epernay and constantly my son signalled that he intended to command the torpedoing of the bridge and the sending of troops from the city." She stopped with an air of utter weariness but added pres-



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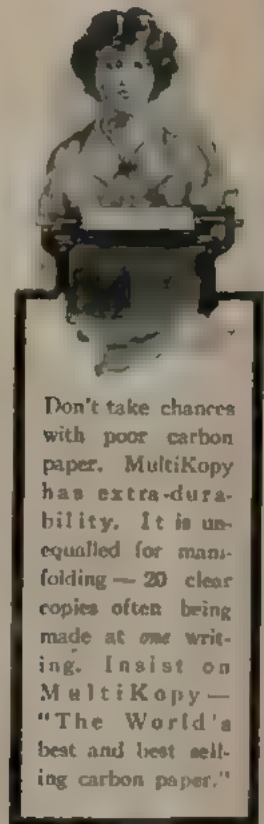
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ently, "You can shoot now; I've said my prayers."

"I will shoot."

"But, General," the Captain's voice awoke from its officialdom, "we'll be prisoners in ten minutes and when the Frenchies find her dead body—"

"We'll fling it into the river."

"They'll miss her here and—"

"Captain, do your duty."

Slowly the firing platoon crawled to the front; slowly the Captain slid from his saddle. But the sub-lieutenant

dropped onto his knees in the slop of the road and began to repeat his own Lutheran prayers for the dying. The woman gazed at him perplexed, then backed up against the parapet. The tattered goddess above drooped over her with a proud smile, a crushed laurel wreath on the marble knee seemed about to slip down onto the head below. The General recognized the winged Victory for what she was and frowned; the woman recognized her too at the same moment and caught



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the man's look with a gleam of gladness, then dropped her own to the kneeling lad? Her face softened wonderfully.

"One," counted the Captain.

"Vive la Republique!" shrieked the woman, "vive la France!"

"Two," counted the Captain.

A volley ricocheted above their heads: the air thrilled with the dum-dum of bullets far down the road; artillery boomed. The Captain paused in his counting; the pause was filled with the patter of running feet and the blurred landscape packed itself with half-seen forms. A voice called in French across the distance.

"You are my prisoners," shouted the voice.

"Thank God," cried the Captain.

"Amen and Amen," chorused the firing squad.

But the woman sank down against the parapet of the bridge shaking with sobs. She wept on and on and on.

The Prairie Wife

Continued from page 153

"Hang him, of course," was the curt answer.

Then I sat down to think things over, and, like an old maid with the vapors, decided I wouldn't be any the worse for a cup of good strong tea.

TO cheer up Dinky-Dunk I privately planned a celebration of his birthday. Of course he never dreamed that I still had \$200 from my poor little nigger egg laid away. I ordered a gramophone, opera records, a smoking jacket, a brand new Stetson, a set of Herbert Spencer, a sepia print of Mona Lisa, a set of bed springs and three dozen little candles for the birthday cake. Then I was cleaned out—every blessed cent gone. I had Olie, our silent, faithful, uncouth Swede, secretly team this array to Percy's shack.

On the fatal day as soon as Dinky-Dunk was out of sight, I drove Tumbler Wood and Bronk to Percy's to bring the things home. Then I spoilt the whole beautiful plan. I forgot to tie the horses and while I was having tea with Percy, the broncs hit the trail for home. Percy and I searched until we were so stiff and tired we simply had to give up. Percy worried, of course. I had no way of sending word to Dinky-Dunk. I was lost, and I didn't know where he was. I was in a fix.

At last, Percy offered to bunk in the shack, and let me have the shack. But I wouldn't hear of that. In the morning, I felt pretty sure Percy was what they call a "lunger" out here, and I don't relish the idea of sleeping in a tuberculous bed. I asked for a

blanket and told him that I was going to sleep out under the wagon, as I'd often done with Dinky-Dunk. Percy finally consented, but this worried him too. He even brought out his "big-game" gun, so I'd have protection, and felt the grass to see if it was damp, and declared he couldn't sleep on a mattress when he knew I was on the hard ground. I told him that I loved it, and to go to bed for I wanted to get out of some of my armour-plate. He went, reluctantly.

It was a beautiful night, and not so cold, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. I lay looking out through the wheel-spokes at the Milky Way, and was just dropping off when Percy came out again. He was in a quilted dressing-gown and had a blanket over his shoulders. It made him look for all the world like Father Time. He wanted to know if I was all right, and had brought me out a pillow—which I didn't use. Then he sat down on the prairie-floor, near the wagon, and smoked and talked.

Percy asked me if I'd ever seen Naples at night from San Martino and I asked him if he'd ever seen Broadway at night from the top of the Times Building. Then he asked me if I'd ever watched Paris from Montmartre, or seen the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum bathed in Lucanian moonlight—which I very promptly told him I had, for it was on the ride home from Pæstum that Theobald Gustav had proposed to me. We talked about temples and Greek gods and the age of the world and Indian legends until I got downright sleepy. Then Percy threw away his last cigarette and got up. He said "Good night"; I said "Good night"; and he went into the shack. He said he'd leave the door open, in case I called. There were just the two of us, between earth and sky, that night, and not another soul within a radius of seven miles of any side of us. He was very glad to have some one to talk to. He's probably a year or two older than I am, but I am quite motherly with him. There is something so absurd about his being where he is that I feel sorry for him.

WHEN I woke up it was the first gray of dawn. Two men were standing side by side looking at me. One was Percy. The other was Dinky-Dunk himself. He had been riding all night looking for his lost wife. He didn't even smile at finding me under the wagon. For the first time in our married life, I thought I saw distrust on Dinky-Dunk's face. That night his enthusiasm for his birthday cake and presents was forced. He took my hand with an effort, after some tremendous inward struggle which was not altogether flattering to me. I had



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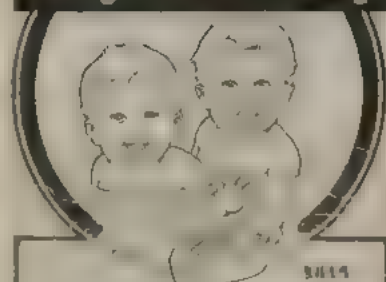
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no explanations to make, so I made none. After I finished my work I defiantly got out George Meredith and read "Modern Love."

Before we were running smoothly again, before our silent antagonism dissolved in our daily intimacies of work, a most terrific explosion occurred. It came about this way. A few weeks before Christmas, Dinky-Dunk found he had to hurry off to British Columbia to sell his timber rights there in order to meet his land payments. I kept a stiff upper lip and in spite of a chill at my heart said that I wouldn't mind a Christmas alone.

With Dinky-Dunk gone I was terribly lonely. Then I began to worry about Percy—he was so shockingly incompetent as a homesteader. So I rode over to the old Titchborne Ranch with my little jumper sleigh. There I found Percy in a pitiable condition. There was nothing to do but bundle him up and bring him straight home with me. Pneumonia I think it was, and for two weeks Olie and I had all we could do to pull him through.

I COULD never have survived the last week without Olie. He was as watchful and ready as a farm collie. Percy tried so hard to be cheerful and was so grateful for every little thing. But I longed for Dinky-Dunk to tell me what to do. I wanted my Dinky-Dunk. It's only once every century or two that God makes a man like him. I wanted to be a good wife. My Dinky-Dunk would need me during the coming year and it would be a joy to help him. For I loved that man—I loved him so much it hurt.

At last my patient was up and about, looking like a different man. He showed the effects of my forced feeding. He decided to go to Santa Barbara for the winter and I thought he was wise. One afternoon I toggled out in my furs, took the jumper and went kiting over to the Titchborne Ranch. Oh, what a shack! What disorder, what untidiness, what spirit-numbing desolation! I didn't blame poor Percival Benson for clearing out for California. I got what things he needed, however, and went kiting home again. That night I helped him pack.

AFTER supper Percy was sitting beside the stove in slippers and dressing gown, solemnly reading aloud while I squatted in front of the fire idly peering at the red coals, when the door opened and in the doorway, staring at us with an expression that would have done credit to the Tragic Muse, was Dinky-Dunk. He was too weather beaten ever to turn white. He was the color of a tan shoe. I imagine Faxon Arden wore much the same look when he piped the home circle after that prolonged absence of his.

Then Dinky-Dunk did a most unpardonable thing. He backed out of the shack, slammed the door and climbed in the sleigh which he had not even unhitched. I tried to comprehend his utter lack of comprehension. I didn't want my husband to go. I followed him into the bitterly cold night. "Haven't you," I demanded, "haven't you any explanation for acting like this?" He glared at me with hate in his eyes. Without making or demanding any explanation he drove away.

It was almost morning when I fell asleep. When I awoke, Percival Benson Woodhouse was gone, bag and baggage, without a word. Olie had driven him in to the station. In the hard, cold light of the winter morning, I faced the hard, cold facts and decided that Percy had done the right thing. The whole thing was so absurd, so unreasonable, so unjust. Life is so natural and normal and big out on the prairie that there is no place for that nonsense of "the other man" or "the other man's wife." You want your own husband, your own wife, and want her so bad you're satisfied.

DURING that long, lonely day I was as blue as indigo and as spiritless as a wet hen. I had married Dinky-Dunk knowing no more of his idiosyncrasies than a sparrow on a telegraph wire knows the Morse Code thrilling along under its toes. But I had undertaken a job of loving my husband as well as of working with him. And I didn't want to lie down on my job. From my mixture of feelings that day, only one survived: I could never be happy without my Dinky-Dunk.

When Olie returned in the evening, Dinky-Dunk was with him. Naturally Olie had found him and explained everything. Dinky-Dunk was awkward and contrite. He always imagined himself complex but no one can be complex who lives long on the prairie. Dinky-Dunk really was elemental and as simple as a child and I loved him for it. But I felt humiliated and vengeful. That whole day following I didn't speak to him.

However, it its terribly hard to be tragic in a two by four shack. You miss the dignifying touches. And you haven't much leeway for the bulky wings of grandeur. After supper when Dinky-Dunk was wiping dishes for me, he suddenly said, "Oh, hell, what's the use." With that very profane ejaculation the barriers were down. Our butter dish was broken in the collision I gave up, supremely and ridiculously happy.

OF course there were other explosions after this but they were of minor importance—such as my revolt when I first knew that wee Dinky-Dunk was





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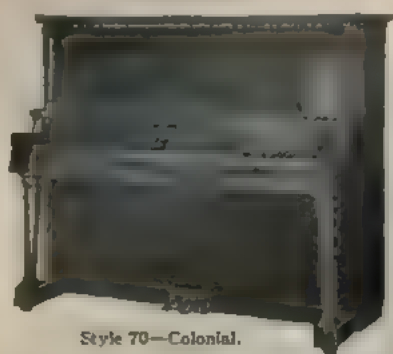
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coming. Again later in the spring, when I felt odd pangs of jealousy needle through me at Olga's beauty. Yet how could I blame any man for letting his eyes rest on the milky white column of her neck. True, Olga was only our Finnish maid of all work when she was not helping in the fields. Yet she was a sort of miracle, a Brunhild with cowhide boots. Her eyes were pools of peace and calm. The very milkiness of her skin was an advertisement of the queenly and all conquering vitality that lifted her above the ordinary ruck of humanity. A sea of wheat was the perfect frame for that massive, benignant figure of hers. She was an integral part of the prairie, as essentially maternal as the soil she turned up with her plow.

She kindled Percy's imagination when he returned to his ranch after the winter at Santa Barbara. He first saw her when she was swinging home with her team like a Valkyrie on a cloud. What a direct opposite she was to him in every way, with his thin, over-sensitive face, high arched, over refined nose, and narrow, stooping, over delicate shoulders! I marveled at the wisdom of old Mother Nature who so plainly propelled him toward the revitalizing, rebarbarianizing influence of Olga.

Olga would change him as the prairie and my prairie man had changed me. A year ago I was like hundreds of city women I knew, crazy squirrels on their crazy treadmill of amusements. Out here, a dot in the midst of miles and miles of emptiness, I am a queen, who if she has little ease, at least has much honor. I have faced real things, blizzards and prairie fires, discomforts and possible failure. Dinky-Dunk and I have kept our souls alive. We have escaped the twentieth century strain and dislocation in the relationship between city men and women.

THE prairie brings a great peace to my soul. It is so rich, so maternal, so generous. It seems to brood under a passion to give, to yield up, to surrender all that is asked of it. Now I too am one of the mystic chain and no longer the idle link. I am a mother. We are our own little world just now self contained, rounded out, complete. Olga and Percy are to be married. The harvest is past. By this time next year Dinky-Dunk will be called one of the Wheat Kings of the West. What more can life hold for a great, healthy hulk of a woman like me?

As I muse, wistfully sad for the happy year that is gone, I hear, king-like and imperative through the quietness of the shack, the call of my beloved little tenor robusto—and if wee Dinky-Dink's voice is the voice of hunger it is also the voice of hope.

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Woodbox

Continued from page 163.

"The other point," I said, "is much more important. Who was the Frenchman, and in short, Aunt Paulina, what was the whole story?"

But she would not answer me on this.

ONE day, not so long after, I went in to visit her, and we talked at some length of Emerson, Hawthorne (Daniel, as she persisted in calling him), and Poe. "How would you like it," she asked suddenly, "if I repeated my favorite lines for you?"

"I am listening," I said. And she repeated:

"My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting or never
Regretting its roses,
Its old agitations
Of myrtle and roses.
For now while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it of pansies.
A Rosemary odor
Commingled with pansies
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan Pansies."

Her old lips trembled, and the mists gathered in her eyes. Fearing some demonstration of feeling which might embitter her remaining days, I made haste to antagonize her, and to arouse her partisan spirit. "They are by Emerson, aren't they?" I said.

"By that long-legged, cabbage-headed, bean eater!" she exclaimed. "I should rather think they are not by Emerson! They are by the man whom Emerson called the 'Jingle Man.' I gave Emerson a piece of my mind once on that subject, I can tell you."

"What did you say, Aunt Paulina?"

"I forget now," said she. "Anyway the man's dead—quite dead, I fancy. He has had his day, like Guy Fawkes, and all the other bugaboos."

"But the angel Israfel," I said. "He isn't dead—not yet?"

For once in my life she gave me a look that was not unmingled with gratitude.

"No," said she, "for his heart strings are a lute."

Unknown Treasure

Continued from page 147.

A small cabinet in the hall houses an interesting collection of beautifully-bound prayer books and Testaments. One of the favorite prayer books is rather profusely illustrated. "Some of the young ladies say," Mr. Barnett volunteers again, "that when I tire of the sermon I amuse myself looking at the pictures." Curiously enough, the cabinet just mentioned contains as



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THE OFFICIAL RULES
OF CARD GAMES
(ISSUED YEARLY)

MADE IN CANADA
For General Play
Better cards can not be had at the price. Good cards can not be sold for less than this price.
Terry or Air-Cushion Finish

GOLD EDGES SEND 15¢ IN STANDS CLUB INDEXES

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

What Did Little Mary Buy

**1916 Ford
Touring Car**
FIRST PRIZE
For the Best Reply
\$1000.00
In other Fine Prizes
Also Given



JOHN BROWN owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and wrote the name of each article on the outside. Only he jumbled up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the words Raisins until they read "Si Rains." Then he

rubbied the word apples off the apple barrel, and jumbled the letters in that name until they read "Ples Pa," as you see on barrel 11.

Fourteen lines of goods in Mr. Brown's store were displayed this way, and a prize was given to any customer who could place an order for all fourteen and tell the number of the box each was in. Little Mary went to Brown's store to make her purchases, guessed all the names correctly and won the prize. Can you do as well?

Two of the names are already given to you to start you right. What are the other twelve?



FIRST PRIZE

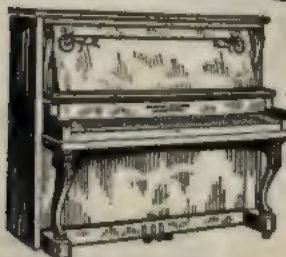
1916 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car. Value \$530.00

CLEVER READERS OF CANADA MONTHLY

sending the best correct or nearest correct sets of answers can share in the distribution of

**Thousands of Dollars Worth of
MAGNIFICENT PRIZES**

Including this 1916 Ford Touring Car, \$450.00 Upright Piano, \$75.00 Columbia Grafonola, \$50.00 Clare Bros. High Oven Range, 1916 Cleveland Bicycle, Genuine Singer Sewing Machine, \$35.00 Kitchen Cabinet, Genuine Waltham Men's and Ladies' Watches, English Dinner and Tea Sets, Roger's Silverware, and a host of other grand prizes too numerous to mention here. Big Illustrated Prize List will be mailed to you direct.



SECOND PRIZE
Handsome Upright Piano
Value \$450.00



4th PRIZE
Clare Bros. Famous
High Oven Range



THIRD PRIZE
Columbia Cabinet
Grafonola



SIXTH PRIZE
1916 Model Cleveland
Bicycle



FIFTH PRIZE
Famous Singer Sewing
Machine



SEVENTH PRIZE
Magnificent Ideal Kitchen
Cabinet

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

If your answers gain 120 points you will win First Prize

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers, are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given, just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more out of a name.

The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance, 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten points given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle out your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced they will want it every month.

If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name, address, Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and address, must be on a separate sheet.
2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget to, war tax stamp.
3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, also their relations and friends are not allowed to compete.
4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.
5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
6. Infrequent members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded to any one family or household.
7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry, 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be

awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, handwriting, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.

8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which will be sent without charge, to three or four friends or neighbors who will read to him or her. For this service the company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win.

9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
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Address your replies to the CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 131 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

well several unexpurgated editions of old works which would create some thing of a furore if put into general circulation to-day.

The value of Mr. Barnett's library does not lie altogether in books. For years he has been accompanying his current reading with systematic clipping and has accumulated a horde of material which, though partially indexed, even he himself can scarcely realize its full extent. "That part of my work has produced such a wealth of material," he says, "that it long ago outgrew the facilities I have here and a good deal of it has been relegated to the coach house." This material is valuable now. What will it be a hundred years hence?

Mr. Barnett's library is all the more remarkable from the fact that it is the product of only a comparatively few years of collecting. One would naturally suppose that early tendencies and literary influences had led to his love for art and literature. In view of this, the story he tells with some hesitancy, for he is exceedingly modest, is rather surprising.

At the age of fourteen he started on the railways in England, coming to Canada two years later. He worked his way upward; first to a drawing bench in the draftsman's office, then to the chief draftsman's chair and later stepped into the position of master mechanic of the old Midland road. In those days he was rather closely associated for several years with Sir Joseph Hickson and an energetic young man who later became widely known as Senator George A. Cox. After the Midland was absorbed by the Grand Trunk, Mr. Barnett was moved to Stratford, coming about 1881, and he held the position of master mechanic in the shops there till his retirement, several years ago. Since that time he has devoted himself largely to the accession of his library.

It is a remarkable fact, also, that while engrossed so largely as collector and student Mr. Barnett has preserved a most energetic interest in public affairs. He is anything but bookish, has a fund of characteristic humor, and a host of stories about his books, which, compounded with the grist of book lore he can pour out on occasion, makes his conversation delightful; but aside from this again, he stands as a valued and thoroughly public-spirited citizen. Quite naturally he has taken a large interest in the development of Stratford's public library, has been a member of the board of that worthy institution since its inception, and took an influential part some years ago in securing from Mr. Carnegie an appropriation which enabled the erection of the excellent building which now caters to the wants of Stratford's readers.



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Dunlop "Traction" Tread Automobile Tires went to the front and stayed there, because the skid-resisting surface forms a permanent part of the tire.

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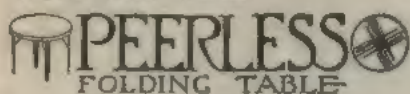
His interests have also reached out in practical channels as is manifested by the fact that for the past seven years he has been a member and chairman of the city's board of water commissioners.

Mr. Barnett's example and really remarkable accomplishment should be exceedingly helpful to the many Canadian young men and women to-day who have begun or are looking forward to the building up of a creditable



HOW CONVENIENT!

CAN you imagine anything more convenient than a light, strong, graceful folding table, which may be set up, at a moment's notice, anywhere? You have need of such a table in your home. It is the



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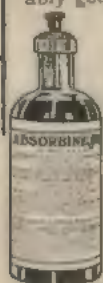
Absorbine Jr.

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Absorbine, Jr., relieved him, and after he had applied it regularly for a few weeks he told us that his legs were as smooth as when he was a boy and all the pain and soreness had ceased.

Thousands have since used this antiseptic liniment for this purpose with remarkable good results.

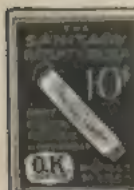


Absorbine, Jr., is made of oils and extracts from pure herbs and when rubbed upon the skin is quickly taken up by the pores; the blood circulation in surrounding parts is thereby stimulated and healing helped.

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library. He has undoubtedly experienced a great deal of joy in following as his desires led him, but aside from this, he has made a collection which will be of priceless value—we do not speak in a monetary sense—to knowledge-seeking Canadians of a later day. He has done a good work.

Sunshine Dispenser

Continued from page 158.

Who shall say what the air of the prairies, the wide spaces and the call of the new country bred in the children! At any rate after some years in a New York grammar school, and three years B. A. work in Hunter college, the girl, her mother and brother, fared west again, drawn it seemed, by the call of the home-land, and settled in Winnipeg.

"We needed money then," Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner said very simply in reviewing past days, "so I obtained a school on the east side of Lake Manitoba and began teaching. In July, 1905, T. Eaton company opened its big store in Winnipeg, and I applied for a position, and to my great consternation, in a fortnight, I found myself private secretary to one of the managers. I remained thirteen months, enjoyed the work immensely, then because my mother insisted, I took a turn in the Normal school, in order that I might be eligible for an appointment on the city teaching staff. When I was in the Normal a few days, I stumbled on a fine story, an attempted poisoning case, which I wrote and hustled down to the city editor of the 'Telegram,' and had the satisfaction of seeing my maiden effort on the front page of the evening paper with a three column head.

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner nourishes the conviction that we do best the things we take a joy in doing. "I am happy," she says, "because I keep busy, doing the things I love to do." And there you have her scheme of life.

Could you drop into the Winnipeg Telegram office any morning and ascend the winding stairs to a big bright room, marked, "Woman's Department—Sunshine," you would find there several busy girls at typewriter, phone and desk. It would be difficult indeed to estimate the far-reaching help "Sunshine" has been to the citizens of Winnipeg and the Province of Manitoba. Its growth has been marvellous, and what it has accomplished for invalids, children and old people, is well nigh unbelievable.

I can't tell you what idea Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner is evolving within the multitudinous cells of her brain just now, but it's something somebody else will begin to think about doing a year or so hence, I'll wager that.



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